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YACHTING IN THE ARCTIC SEAS.

II.

SAILING along the coast of Waygat Island, the Diana next reached Jugorsky Schar, which is in the heart of the Samoyede Peninsula, and the home of the swamp-dwellers of Northern Europe and Asia. Formerly, when they were more numerous, the Samoyedes shared with the Esquimaux the whole of the circumpolar regions. Even now they

scribed in the previous article, and the women were only distinguished from them by a little faded trimming of colored material added to their clothing. The conical tents were formed of poles, covered with sealskins, and around the camp a herd of tame reindeer was hovering.

All the next day the explorers sailed north

The ice was soon left behind, and in forty-eight hours the Diana passed from water at 32° Fahr. in the Kara Straits to a temperature of 46° off Gooseland, the air on two successive evenings having a temperature of 54° at eight o'clock. When off Razor Cape, some reindeer were seen, and Mr. Lamont immediately started for the shore to shoot



REINDEER-SHOOTING.

are, with the exception of the Esquimaux of Smith Sound, the most northerly inhabitants of the world. Stunted physically, socially, and politically, they have little chance of breasting the wave of invasion which has already, with the help of pestilence, obliterated their allied tribes, and it will not be long probably before they are known only by tradition.

Not far from the shore Mr. Lamont, the commander of the Diana, saw an encampment, and as he approached it he was met by the natives. The men resembled those de-

and northwest with a light breeze, encountering no ice until they were again in the Kara Straits, where it came drifting upon them in heavy masses out of the Kara Sea. They could not get any farther on the northwest course, and, in attempting to pass through the Kara Gate, an absolutely impenetrable barrier of ice shut the way. After anchoring to a floe for a few hours, they steamed back again through much more heavy ice, and decided to try the north passage into the Kara Sea by Matoschkin Schar.

them, but a treacherous-looking river intervened, and he could not reach them. The mirage was remarkable, the deer looking like small ponies, each standing on four telegraph-poles! This phenomenon has a very singular effect on hot, sunny days in the arctic regions. Vessels or lands which are known to be actually outside the range of vision loom up in the air by refraction. The irregular masses of floating ice become dazzling cities, with domes, minarets, and steeples, of a more composite style than can be seen in any mod-

ern capital; while the floe-edge represents many miles of beautiful palaces, apparently built of diamonds.

The loss of the reindeer was made endurable by the recollection that they were sure to be in poor condition so early in the season. The summer brings on a rapid and nourishing vegetation, bright flowers blooming in juxtaposition to snow-drifts. Day and night the lean and hungry ruminants browse on the scant herbage of the scurvy grass and on the succulent saxifrages. The quick change that takes place in them with the appearance of this vegetation is astounding. The rank flesh acquires a new flavor, and the loose skin swells out to the proportions of a barrel with thick layers of wholesome fat.

The reindeer of Nova Zembla is much larger than that of Spitzbergen, and is also nearer allied to the reindeer of the American continent, while that of Spitzbergen is almost identical with the wild and tame deer of Norway and Lapland.

For nine days the crew of the *Diana* enjoyed the loveliest weather imaginable, not a cloud veiling the sun, nor a breath of wind ruffling the calm, glassy sea; but on the morning of June 30th a brisk breeze from the southwest brought with it a dense fog. On July 1st they entered the straits in a terrible mirage, but had not proceeded far when they were blocked by ice—the checkmate of Mr. Lamont's fourth attempt to reach the Kara Sea. Steaming back some distance, they found a good anchorage, but the strong current drove the ice with such force that great watchfulness was necessary to save the ship.

The commander decided to give up the straits for the present, and, as the *Diana* was passing through a small stream of ice the next day, he noticed a round, yellowish mass lying on a cake, which he made out to be a polar bear. A boat was lowered, and he put off to the attack. The bear had evidently gorged himself with a seal, the remains of which lay by him, and he was so fast asleep that he did not awake at the approach of the enemy. At a distance of about fifty yards, however, Mr. Lamont fired, and gave the beast his favorite shot in the shoulder, which caused Bruin to leap and roar for a moment before tumbling on his back and kicking with all fours. Another bullet in the chest seemed to revive his hoary majesty momentarily, for he took to the sea and swam some distance; but a third shot finished him, and he was triumphantly towed back to the ship behind the boat.

The bear was an exceptionally large one, but the finest of the species Mr. Lamont ever saw was in Deeva Bay, Spitzbergen. He had shot some seals one morning, and a few hours later he perceived a large bear about a mile off. The dead seals were equidistant between him and the bear, and, as it was evident that if he attacked the brute openly from the front the latter would retreat, he did not know how to proceed. He then thought that he would lie by the seals, and wait for the bear to come up, but it was so bitterly cold that this was impossible.

After a consultation with the harpooner, he decided on a middle course. He took to his boat, the bear having not yet ob-

served him, and lay in wait under the shelter of some ice. The great white beast walked slowly and deliberately for some two hundred yards on the ice, as if uncertain whether he should go up to the dead seals or not, while Mr. Lamont, with his rifle cocked, was stretched out in the bottom of the boat, praying that he would do so. In a short time the bear apparently made up his mind that a seal-supper would be exactly the thing for him, and, sliding foremost into the water, he swam steadily along under the edge of the ice toward the carcasses. Half a dozen live seals capered around him as if making fun of him, like small birds teasing a hawk when they are sure he can't catch them; but he did not notice them, and went on until he reached the dead ones on the ice, when, as he was shaking the water from his shaggy hair, Mr. Lamont fired, and he fell on his face biting the wound.

According to a preconcerted arrangement, Mr. Lamont now sprang on to the ice and ran toward him, while the boat put off to meet him in case he took to the water. The bear was ready for the encounter, it appeared at first, but when Mr. Lamont was within a short distance of him he lost heart and scuffled into the sea. He was then shot through the brain, and secured by the boat's crew.

He was an old male, eight feet long, almost eight feet in circumference, and four and a half feet high at the shoulders. His paws were thirty-four inches in circumference, and his hair was beautifully long and thick. Altogether he weighed about sixteen hundred pounds, four hundred pounds of which were fat. It is said that such a bear as this will kill a bull-walrus three times his own weight by springing on it from behind, and battering its skull in with repeated blows of his enormous forepaws. Mr. Lamont believes the polar bear in a state of nature to be the largest and strongest carnivorous animal in the world; but it is seldom that he will face a man if he can possibly avoid the encounter. Nevertheless, many traditions attribute marvelous courage to him. "Upon the whole," says our author, "I think the polar bear affords less sport, and may be killed with less danger to the attacking party, than almost any other large wild animal." He is generally found among loose ice, and, as he cannot swim so fast as a boat can be rowed, he is completely at the hunter's mercy, and you have only to select your distance and shoot him through the head.

Though the weather was thick, the explorers still pushed northward, and on the morning of July 16th they found an immense accumulation of ice in Maschigin Bay, crossing which they anchored in a lake of open water northeast of Borrisou Island. The captain went ashore here, and, walking over some barren, bleak, stormy, wind-swept hills to a promontory, obtained a good view of the surrounding country. At Cape Borrisou there are the remains of an old and small Russian hut, with some names and the dates 1836-'37 engraved upon it. But as no exploring expedition visited the shores of Nova Zembla in 1836, and as Von Baer did not get farther north than Silver Bay in 1837, the

marks are probably those of some idle walrus-hunter.

Each day fresh ice, sweeping around the Admiralty Peninsula, seemed to forbid a farther passage, and this peninsula is in some degree (though less so than Cape Nassau) the critical point in attempts to reach the extreme north, as the northwest corner of Spitzbergen and Melville Bay are in other directions. "At Cape Nassau the coast takes a decided bend, forming a corner on which the polar current impinges and heaps its masses of ice. Here, too, the Gulf current meets the cold stream, and is deflected to the northeast. This warm current, which also faces the west coast of Nova Zembla in ordinary seasons, thaws a semicircular area from the polar pack. Cape Nassau, projecting into this basin, causes the ice to cling to the coast northward of it, and not till late in the season—as the ice-blocks push past it to be melted in the warm water—is the mass of ice north sufficiently loose to be navigable. Early in the season, or occasionally during the whole summer, the arctic current beats the Gulf Stream, and Admiralty Peninsula, with the coast to the north of it, is unapproachable."

The *Diana* now ran south and entered the straits of the Matoschkin Schar, which present views rivaling the grandest in Switzerland. Toward the middle the straits narrow to half a mile in breadth, and steep, precipitous mountains rise from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred feet sheer from the water's edge. These great masses towered about the masts of the *Diana* as if they would fall upon her, and over the front of one tumbled a large cascade, which was dispersed before it reached the bottom. A good-sized glacier in one place occupied a corrie, from which it brimmed over and fell two thousand feet perpendicularly into the sea. In other places, where the cliffs retreated, fine green valleys opened on both sides, and, without leaving the deck, Mr. Lamont saw six separate herds of reindeer close to the shore.

The straits lead from the Barentz or Spitzbergen Sea into the Kara Sea, the gloomy portals of which were now crossed by the *Diana* for the third time. A day or two later a hunting-party went ashore and bivouacked behind a knoll covered with arctic buttercups and forget-me-nots, where they had shelter from the wind which blew with piercing severity. Wrapped in furs, and seated close to a blazing fire of driftwood, the explorers found agreeable pictures of incidents long past, wreathing themselves in the smoke of the well-earned pipe, and relief to the constant uneasiness of life aboard ship.

The deer were very lean and wild, and no old stags were seen. The men secured a brood of snowy owls, some eggs, and nine young foxes. The arctic foxes in Nova Zembla are of less value than those in Spitzbergen. Of ten killed in the latter place eight will be blue and two white, while in the former country the ratio is reversed—the blue skins being six or seven times as valuable as the white.

The hunters erect wooden traps within a few miles of a sheltering hut, and visit them

from time to time for the foxes that may have been caught.

From the top of a high hill Mr. Lamont obtained an extensive view of the Kara Sea. A good deal of ice was in sight, especially south of the straits toward Klokow Bay, and it was not an easy thing to decide on which course it would be best for the *Diana* to take. Already more than half of the short arctic summer had slipped away, and it was not without hesitation that the commander finally determined to devote the rest of the season to another trial of the Kara Gate. As the brave little *Diana* again steamed through the straits, a week of sunshine and showers had visibly increased vegetation, and in two days, when she was abreast of Gooseland, the country expanded into a mass of emerald green, backed by a dark wall of hills and vast plains and lakes dotted with reindeer and swans. Two or three hundred walrus were discovered on the ice, but they were excessively shy, and would not allow the boat to approach nearer than sixty yards. Eight were shot, however, and yielded an enormous quantity of blubber.

A southwest breeze now helped the explorers along, as they thought, to the Kara Gate, and they began to hope that the sixth endeavor in this direction might be successful; but they lost their reckoning, and ran as far down as the Jugorsky Straits before finding out their error. The latter straits are usually clearer of ice than the Kara, and the *Diana* passed through them without hindrance. On each side were verdant meadows, white in places with the flowers of the stitchwort, and enlivened by encampments of Samoyedes, who were busy transporting their reindeer by ferry-boats to pasture on Waygat Island. The voyagers went on thirty miles farther without difficulty, when they met a vessel, the captain of which told them that the way was completely blocked with ice, and that twenty-five walrus-sloops had been caught in the field. "What was to be done, with everything apparently against us?" writes Mr. Lamont. The sea-temperature, although above 40° during the day, lowered so rapidly during the night that in early morning the water was crusted with ice. Ice was also coming down on the land, and no open space could be seen beyond it. Another retreat was made—this time to the east side of Waygat Island—and a northwesterly gale followed, which brought the ice down thicker than ever. The weather moderated on August 3d, and the *Diana* kept about the edge of the pack, her crew finding some sport each day. The walrus were mostly half-grown bulls, and on one day six were shot, though only four were captured. Mr. Lamont also shot one of the white whales which abound in the vicinity of Nova Zembla, and are hunted in places clear of ice during the summer and autumn. Though the oil of these curious mammals is highly prized, burning in a lamp without smoke, the cost of the nets used by the hunters is so great that few can afford it, and hence at present the danger of extinction which impends over so many denizens of the Arctic does not threaten this species.

After tossing about for a few days longer,

the advance of winter drove the explorers to another coast, and they dashed away under full sail, bidding farewell forever to Nova Zembla—the stormiest, wildest, bleakest, and least-habitable country in the known world. Their destination now was the southwest corner of Gillis's Land, and to the order, "Brace the yards for Spitzbergen!" the crew responded with alacrity and good-will. As the coast dipped they fondly imagined that, with a fine breeze from the south, they would see land again in two or three days; but, after a long reach to the west, they sighted the main ice, stretching far south in a cape, without a living thing visible upon it. Sailing along close-hauled, they could not resume their course for twelve hours, and then a heavy, yellow sky showed that the main pack could not be far distant. A change of wind to the southwest at 2 A. M. on the 19th allowed them to lie to the northwest. On the 23d some large icebergs were passed. One was about double the ship's length, and twenty-five feet above the water-line; and on the eighth day the southernmost promontory of Spitzbergen was sighted.

On the following morning Mr. Lamont bore up for the land, but a fresh disappointment awaited him in vast masses of impenetrable drift-ice, and it became necessary to make for the west coast. The day was clear, and a crisp, bracing air just ruffled the water. A beautiful panorama of mountains and glaciers stood out in sharp lines against the pearly-gray sky, especially Hornsund's Peak (four thousand five hundred feet), the highest in Spitzbergen, which, although forty or fifty miles off, seemed to be less than twenty, so dazzling was the snow and so rarefied the air. Each jagged peak rose abruptly to its full height without suffering from the dwarfing influence of the foot-hills that crowd about the Alps and our own Rocky Mountains, and clove the air with the lucidity of a black spike in a ray of electric light.

To realize Spitzbergen, says Mr. Lamont, let the reader imagine Switzerland submerged to a point a little below the line of perpetual snow, and hence for the man of science no country in the world can offer greater attractions than this neglected tract in the Arctic. From speculations on the work of past ages in other countries, the geologist can here see the tangible and undeniable phenomena of the great processes of Nature going on before his eyes. Violent convulsions, which older geologists considered necessary to explain the positions of existing strata, give place in this region of reality and fact to the beneficent but slow processes of upheaval, denudation, and disintegration.

The *Diana* now fell in with a sloop at anchor in ninety fathoms at the edge of a bank, which suddenly shelves to between thirteen and fourteen hundred fathoms. This situation is a favorite resort of numerous small vessels engaged in shark-fishing, and hailing from Norwegian ports. The sloop had a crew of six, had been out a month from Bergen, and was half loaded with sharks' livers, which yield their entire weight in a fine fish-oil, undistinguishable from that of the cod.

Just before Mr. Lamont boarded the sloop, two sharks had been hauled in, and a third was coming over the side. He was amazed at the ease with which the business was conducted. The sharks were caught by a baited line, hoisted up by a gigantic gaff with a block and tackle, stunned by a blow on the head as soon as they reached the deck, and ripped open with a large knife. The livers were cut out of the stomachs, which were inflated with air, and the bodies were then cast into the sea. Unless the latter precaution was taken, the carcass would sink, and all the rest of the tribe would devote themselves to it, neglecting the seals' blubber used by the fishermen as a bait.

On the next day the *Diana* again sped away north in company with six other vessels. Not a living thing was seen on the ice, but numbers of little auks and sea-parrots rose and fell on the gentle ripple of a southwest breeze. Their cries alone enlivened the scene, which was blotted at intervals by fog, but when the fog lifted Prince Charles's Foreland was in sight—a long, narrow island separated from the mainland by a shallow sound.

Although Spitzbergen is eminently a mountainous country, it is more properly regarded, from a geological point of view, as an elevated plateau, whose sides have been broken and cut through by glacier action, leaving isolated ridges and pinnacles. The only great mountain-range is on Charles's Foreland, and this occupies the sixty miles' length of the island. On the west side the rise from the sea is abrupt and precipitous, but on the east the descent is more gradual to low ground a few feet above the level of the sea. On the latter side the glaciers have encroached considerably, and toward the south the range sinks into a low, sandy flat. About the middle of the island a mass of black rock, two thousand feet high, named the "Devil's Thumb," projects into the sea, and is surrounded with needle-like shafts, three and four thousand feet high.

The *Diana* now rounded Fair Foreland—a dark, perpendicular cliff of great height, swarming with birds, and forming the northern end of the island. A very extensive prospect suddenly opens out here, comprising nearly the whole eastern side of the island, with its perspective of alternate ridge and glacier. Directly ahead was King's Bay, with the Three Crowns. On the other side was the gloomy vista of Cross Bay, shut in on nearly every side by grand and frowning mountains. The night that followed was calm and mild. Absolute stillness prevailed everywhere, save when the voice of a wild bird miles away over the glassy sea was borne to the ear, or the noisy fall of a glacier was echoed from hill to hill.

In a neighboring valley the ship's doctor found between fifty and sixty graves of whalers who had died during the last century. Some of them were in regular ranks, with mounds of earth over them and a stick placed at the head; others were scattered around, and a few were so old that the earth covering had been blown or washed away, revealing a few bleached bones underneath.

LOVE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

II.

THE spirited and beautiful daughters of the South embraced the patriot's cause and the patriot with equal warmth.

Miss Ann Elliott, of Charleston, was a lady calculated to hold a soldier's heart. While the British were in the city she remained wholly unsubdued, wearing constantly thirteen plumes in her bonnet, and winning from the enemy the name of "the beautiful rebel." A British officer, of the nobility, became so enslaved by her charms as to plead pitifully for favor, and to beg the intervention of her friends. He sent her a magnificent saddle-horse, which she instantly returned. At last he told her he would join the American forces if she would but listen to his love. Her noble reply was quick:

"To my former want of esteem is added scorn for a man capable of betraying his sovereign for selfish interests."

Such a woman's love, when once bestowed, carried with it all that man could want, as the event proved. She was engaged to Colonel Lewis Morris, and soon after the happy event her lover was surprised and surrounded while on a visit to her home at Accabee, near the city. A noise outside drew the young girl to the window, where she saw the lawn covered with the Black Dragoons. She threw up the sash instantly, and demanded to know their business.

"We want the — rebel!" roared the officer.

"Go look for him in the American army!" returned the dauntless girl. "How dare you molest a family under the protection of both armies?"

The bold *ruse* succeeded: the troops slunk off ashamed. Like many of the women here brought together, this fair heroine was afterward among the distinguished belles of the republican court under the great first President.

To Colonel William Washington, victor of the terrible Tarleton, his future wife came as a "ministering angel." This famous officer had been wounded and captured in the fierce cavalry-charge at Eutaw Springs. He was now lying in a Charleston hospital, suffering from his wound, and retarding his progress to health by heart-burnings to be once more in the field. But that brave heart was soon to be soothed in the most delightful manner. Jane Elliott was the only child of a wealthy patriot, who, having spent large sums in equipping troops for the good cause, had died and left her principles and his property. She at once established hospitals for the wounded American soldiers, and took herself the superintendence of several wards, whose inmates she personally visited. On one of these occasions she first met the handsome young colonel. His name was well known and highly honored, and, as she listened to his story of battle and suffering, the two hearts were drawn into the communion of reciprocal love.

She was very young, of the most surpassing beauty, and of noble and tender soul. The end was fitting; they were married in the next year.

Meanwhile an officer of Colonel Washington's troopers was fast going the way of his superior. On the low banks of the Saluda River, Behethland Moore and her mother lived in the fine old mansion, and cared for the plantation while the husband and father was away in the war. Behethland was now but fifteen, yet she was a woman in form and mental growth, with a soldier's spirit and courage.

It was necessary that a verbal message should be carried from General Greene to Colonel Lee, who had already crossed the Island Ford in retreat. The message was brought to the plantation, but here no man could be found to pass through the dangerous country. Behethland Moore immediately volunteered, and went up the river in a skiff, in the dead of night, pulling the boat with her own hands. She delivered the message safely to Captain Wallace, who at once sent it on to Lee. Returning from this important and dangerous service, the young girl reached the old home just at daylight. In a few moments a handsome young officer of cavalry rode up to the door, and was met by the maiden herself. Her cheeks and eyes yet glowed with the excitement and labor of her exploit, and the trooper was charmed by the beautiful apparition, gleaming upon him through the morning dusk. He was on a tour of inquiry, and Behethland was able—and willing, for she, too, was moved—to answer all the questions, which, of course, were made as numerous as possible. The handsome trooper went away to battle, but this fair face still shone upon him through smoke and cloud, and he was soon back again to claim the heart which had been his from the first. Captain William Butler, for such he was, rose speedily, became a general, commanded his State troops in the War of 1812; while his noble wife brought him as fine a family as ever did honor to South Carolina and the country. Their children rose to the highest civil and military positions in the gift of their native State.

One forenoon in April, 1781, a young man was ditching a field near Rocky Creek, in the Chester district of South Carolina. Suddenly he was startled by a clattering of hoofs, and looking up he saw a man named Esbel, "a mighty hunter" and dare-devil, plunging down the hill, fiercely pursued by fifty red-coats. The young man dashed for the bushes and hid. After a long while he came out, and, finding the coast clear, returned to work. Soon, however, he saw the British coming back, but without Esbel; he had escaped. Daniel Green (for this was the ditcher's name) again hastened to cover, and remained till late in the night, when he finished his work by moonlight. His thoughts, as he worked on toward morning, were not pleasant. He had been a brave soldier, and now to be forced to hide his face from the enemy was hateful to him. He resolved he would have no more of it. His history had been full of wild romance—it is hard to resist telling it here;

but now, having escaped from a prison-ship, and reached his present place with the utmost difficulty, he was doing a piece of ditching to earn a hunting-shirt, for he was poorly covered with rags. His brave heart rebelled against flinching from the enemy, and in the morning, wearing the new shirt, he started out with a determination to join the army again. He intended to seize the first good horse he found, and set off for the troops under Greene, then retreating from Guilford. He kept on till near noon, finding nothing, till at last he heard a bell tinkling through the woods, and, following the sound, came out upon a pretty domestic scene. Around a neat house some little children were playing, while a young girl was letting a horse into the yard. As Green approached, a young woman came out, and looked anxiously to see if he were friend or foe. Entering into conversation, she invited him in, and he soon learned that she was the famous widow Nancy Anderson. They talked on till dinner-time, when the young soldier gladly accepted her hospitality. In the afternoon he returned to his employer, forgetting the army for this day at least. That night he thought long and deeply. The widow was a famous character, having been thoroughly tested by the perilous times, and found equal to every emergency. She was young, of splendid figure and great, robust beauty. And then she had been so kind and sociable to him! How handsome she was as she recounted her sufferings! With a soldier's quickness his mind was made up. He would go again the next day. In the morning the young girl whom he had seen with the horse came to the house for corn. Green was glad to see her, for here was an excuse. He loaded the corn on to the horse, and then offered to help her home with it. But the girl was afraid to trust the stranger, after hearing him say the day before that he was looking for a horse to bear him to camp, and so the disappointed lover was left without an errand. He soon determined to go boldly, and trust to his wits and address. In a few hours he was again at the widow's table, delighted to find himself so welcome. It was *his* story now that was told, and well might it draw tears to the beautiful eyes. At last he came out plump:

"I suppose, now, you think well of the men who fought with Tom Morris?"

"I do, indeed! My ain dear Willie died the death of a soldier."

"Then you would marry a soldier?"

She hesitated a little at this; it was carrying her by storm.

"I have not thought about that," she soon said, "but, if I ever *should* marry—and—think—as I do *now*, none but a soldier would I have!"

It was enough; three days after they wended their way through the woods, and began together a life that brought them, through long years, happiness, peace, prosperity, and honor.

But the most romantic of these Southern love-affairs was that of the first Governor of Tennessee. He was then only plain Captain John Sevier, in command of the fort on the Nolachucky. Near by was "Daisy Fields,"

the residence of Mr. Sherrill. One day a party of Indians made a sudden descent upon the station, and the frightened women fled in every direction. One tall, beautiful figure shot out toward the fort with the speed of a deer. This was Catharine Sherrill. She was a woodland beauty, and famous through the country for her courage and agility. It is said "she could outrun and outleap every other woman; could walk and ride more gracefully and skillfully than any other woman in the country." She surely had need of all her powers now. She was a prize the savages wanted, and with fierce yells they sprang to intercept her way. She left the direct path, took a circuitous way, and came up on the back side of the fort, intending to scale the palisades. Gathering all her powers, she sprang into the air. An officer was reaching over the top to catch her and lift her in, but his foot slipped and both fell to the ground, with the wall still between them. A loud shout from the Indians, as they felt the prize in their hands, gave added strength to the maiden's limbs. She said, when telling the story in after-years, "Their bullets and arrows came like hail; it was leap or die, for I would not live a captive." With one terrible effort she leaped into the air once more, cleared the palisades, and came down into the arms of her future husband.

The first thing this noble girl did after her marriage was to make with her own hands the suits worn by her husband and his three sons at the battle of King's Mountain. She was peculiarly adapted to the requirements of her position—that of the highest lady in a new country. Another attack was threatened soon after her marriage, and families hastened away to a place of greater safety. "I shall not go," said she, though her husband was away in the army; "the wife of John Sevier knows no fear!" At another time a large band of Tories came to the house, determined to hang her husband. She hid him, and faced them at the door. They threatened to shoot her down if she would not tell where her husband was. "Shoot! shoot!" she cried; "I am not afraid to die! But remember that, while there is a Sevier upon the earth, my blood will not be unavenged."

The sea had also its share in the love-history of our Revolution. One of our first privateers was the *Revenge*, commanded by Gustavus Conyngham. This brave young sailor was a great terror to the British. The wildest stories were circulated and believed about him, and English mothers frightened their children into obedience by speaking his name. A print, called "The Arch Rebel," was exhibited in the shop-windows of London, representing him as a giant of most piratical appearance. He was so valuable to our cause that Congress passed a special act for his protection, asserting that, if the enemy should execute him, when captured, they would retaliate heavily.

A good ship, on the southern passage, was one day nearing the West India Islands, when suddenly there came from aloft the unwelcome cry, "A sail! a sail!" The captain had been pacing the deck, glass in hand, entertaining his lady-passengers with wild

tales of the sea. He now rushed into the rigging, and soon said he thought it must be the *Revenge*, the terror of those waters. The stranger was speedily bearing down, and, as there was no escape, the ladies were overcome with fear, and fled to the cabin. A shot was soon thrown across the bows, and the passenger-ship lay to. In a few moments a boat from the pursuer brought two officers and a force of men, who leaped upon the ship's deck. One of these officers immediately called for the captain, and asked many questions about the ship's cargo, owners, and destination. He was a slight-built young man, apparently twenty-five, with fine, manly countenance, and the air of a gentleman. When the captain told him there were ladies in the cabin, he blushed to the hair, and asked his lieutenant to go and inform them that the passengers were not prisoners, but guests. The lieutenant hung back, saying, "I have not confidence enough to speak to them." Here was a predicament—rather a strange one for two "ferocious pirates!" The superior had at last to go himself, and the ladies were eased of every fear. The youngest lady, indeed, a bright, beautiful girl, looked admiringly into the handsome stranger's face, and at length asked, with the most charming *naïveté*:

"Are you really a pirate?"

The young officer blushed.

"I am captain of an American privateer," said he, "and he, I trust, cannot be a pirate."

She thought so herself as she looked into the frank eyes.

"Are you captain of the *Revenge*?" she continued.

"I am."

"Is it possible you are the man represented to be a bloody and ferocious pirate, whose chief delight is in scenes of carnage?"

"I am that person of whom these nursery-tales are told, whose picture is hung up to frighten children. I have suffered much from British prisons and from British calumny; but my sufferings will never make me forget the courtesy due to ladies."

For a few days the two vessels kept together, till the *Revenge* brought her prize into port. But these few days were enough to win the young girl's heart toward the captain of the privateer. The good ship proved to be the richest prize Captain Conyngham ever took, for he had captured a noble wife.

If "love laughs at locksmiths," it likewise ignores politics, and leaps every barrier of social and religious creeds. The British in America had souls as susceptible to woman's love as those of the patriots, and many an English soldier withheld his hand from plunder because of the spot in his heart kept tender by the memory of a wife or sweetheart over the sea. They often, also, succeeded in doing by love what they could not do by arms and proclamations, and made many followers of their fortunes, if not adherents to their principles.

The failure of Greene's siege of Fort Ninety-Six in May, 1781, was owing to the devotion of a planter's daughter, whose lover was in the besieged garrison. She learned of Rawdon's approach, and found means of

communicating it to her lover in time to keep the fort from surrendering.

When the British held Long Island, a fine-looking Highlander succeeded in winning the devoted love of Lena Hewlett. Her parents violently opposed her choice, but, with that noble unselfishness which is almost the prerogative of woman, the young girl determined to leave all and follow him. One day the Highland regiment received sudden marching-orders. At night the maiden did not return. Suspecting the cause at once, her father pursued the troops, and, overtaking them, told his story to the commanding officer. There was no such woman with the regiment. At the father's request, however, the troops were drawn up in line; he then searched every face, and at last discovered the truant daughter, bearded and clad "in tartan array." The whiteness of her skin betrayed her.

Even the girls of Boston were not proof against the love of "the minions of tyranny." William Sheaffe was a wealthy and prominent citizen of this "hot-bed of sedition" at the very time when the volcano was gathering its forces for the outburst. His daughters were remarkable for their beauty, and the grace and elegance of their manners. With one of the detachments of British troops sent to Boston in these troublesome days came an officer who was the nephew of Lord Ponsonby. As the troops disembarked they were formed directly in front of Mr. Sheaffe's residence. The sisters were in the balcony, watching the brilliant display. Chancing to lift his eyes, the young officer, Captain Ponsonby Molesworth, was startled by the wonderful beauty of the eldest girl, Susanna. Turning to another officer, he exclaimed, impressively, "That girl seals my fate!" But a few days passed ere he was well advanced in his suit. Her father would not listen to it for a moment; they pleaded—he was inexorable. Then the young lady, but fifteen years old, determined to renounce all for love of her lover. She eloped with him to Rhode Island; they were married, and soon he took her home across the sea.

Three authentic tales of love in the British army surpass, in their beauty of romance, the wildest flights of fiction and the subtlest weavings of the poet's dream. At the outbreak of the war, Captain Charles Ross, whose regiment was then stationed in a provincial town of England, was secretly engaged to a young lady of the place, whose beauty and abilities won the highest admiration. But her family had other plans for the promising girl, and, having bestowed upon her a remarkable education, they strenuously opposed the young officer's desires. His regiment was soon ordered to America, and he was forced to leave without communicating with his betrothed. Long, silent weeks of anxiety followed, till, unable to endure the separation, preferring to brave the anger of her friends, the noble girl suddenly fled from her home, and escaped to America disguised in male attire. Here she learned that her lover's regiment was far inland, actively engaged in the war. She immediately set forth upon a foot-journey of hundreds of

miles through a country filled with rapine and slaughter. After a long time she began to get definite information—she learned the very station the troops occupied. With lighter heart, without one doubt of her lover's constancy, she sped on, cheered by the hope of a happy ending. As she drew near the station she heard the crack of rifles in the woods, and the fearful yells of the savages. She had never looked upon a battle, and the horrible tales of war and Indian cruelty which now thronged her memory struck an overwhelming terror to her heart. She turned to flee; but soon her noble womanhood asserted itself once more. Perhaps her lover was in the battle! Perhaps even now calling her name with his dying breath! She turned again, and now flew toward the noise of the fight. Ere she reached the spot all was still; the battle was done. But, still pressing on, she came suddenly upon the scene, and her eyes fell at once upon the body of an officer stretched across the roots of a tree. She went to him with trembling heart; she turned the face upward; it was her lover! A poisoned arrow was in his body. She drew it out; and, putting her lips to the wound, sucked the poison and the blood. This she continued till her knowledge of surgery, which she had studied in England, assured her that the poison was wholly extracted. Then she nursed him with skill and tenderness. The officer's gratitude was unspeakable; but he had no suspicion of his faithful attendant. She had previously dyed her skin with lime and bark, and her disguise was impenetrable. The station had been destroyed—there were no means of conveyance, and the officer was yet too weak to walk. For six weeks this brave woman nursed the invalid, attending to his every want, supplying his food from the catch of her own hands. Six weeks in the forest, with only the shelter of boughs which her frail hands could erect! They were weary weeks to him, but to her they brought the greatest joy of her young life. She still kept her secret from her lover. As he grew stronger, he would often talk of his past history, and finally told his attendant the whole story of his unhappy love. He charged his nurse to seek out the lady, should he return to England, and tell her of her lover's constancy to the last. Should death follow the wound, the nurse was begged not to leave his body till he delivered it into the loved one's arms. What excess of joy filled the girl's bosom as she listened daily to such words as these! And God at last blessed her devotion and her love. As the captain regained strength they set out slowly for some settlement. After a few weeks they reached Philadelphia. Then the nurse revealed herself to her lover, and an immediate marriage crowned a constancy and devotion unsurpassed in the history of love.

Unsurpassed, but not unequalled. While this young woman was speeding through the American forest on yearning feet, another was sailing from the English Channel, borne toward the rebellious country by the same spirit of all-conquering love. She had lived in a town in Wales, and here plighted her troth to a young cornet of horse, who was

beating up recruits for service in America. This attachment also proved too strong to be broken by parental powers, and when the cornet was sent to New York she followed him in the next ship. She left on her table, when she fled, a note to her parents, assuring them that her honor should be safe in her own keeping. The distressed family advertised for her through all the English papers, but in vain. Leagues of sea were lengthening between her and them. On the very day of her arrival in New York she was married to the officer, and their woes seemed to have ended in unspeakable joy. Yet they had but just begun. The young wife was a woman of most wonderful beauty and grace. Her charms soon inflamed the passions of the dissolute commander of the British armies, and he determined to possess himself of so rich a prize. Then followed the old story of David and Bath-sheba, but with Bath-sheba left out. The cornet, seeking for herbs to cure a slight illness in his wife, exceeded by a little the prescribed bounds. He was immediately cast into a prison so damp and unhealthy that his life must soon succumb. In the midst of the wife's terrible distress she received a message from the general, offering, if she would leave the criminal and come to headquarters, to bestow upon her everything heart could wish, in return for her yielding to his passion. Stung to the most daring resentment by this insult, she wrote an answer which she caused to be circulated and read through all the army: "Unworthy commander, though I would die on the rack without a groan to save my husband, yet I will not forfeit my honor and dishonor him to save us both. Think not, vain man, that misery, pain, indigence, and chastity, cannot inhabit the same bosom together. Know for once you are mistaken, and that, being conscious nothing in my conduct could encourage that presumption, the insult is cruel, base, and unmanly. Molest me no more, nor dare to violate my presence. These languid arms, scarce able to lift themselves in tender offices for my husband, my wrongs may animate to avenge his cause and mine!" The general was smitten with remorse; he sought out the young wife, humiliated himself at her feet, and swore that ever, for her sake, he would hold her sex in reverence. The husband was at once discharged from prison and made major in his regiment. They were soon ordered to Charleston, where, the husband falling dangerously sick on the death of his new-born child, the devoted wife nourished him to recovery by the milk from her own pure breast.

CHARLES H. WOODMAN.

"POSSON JONE".

TO Jules St.-Ange—elegant little heathen—there yet remained at manhood a remembrance of having been to school, and of having been taught by a stony-headed Capuchin that the world is round—for example, like a cheese. This round world is a cheese to be eaten through, and Jules had nibbled quite into his cheese-world already at twenty-two.

He realized this as he idled about one Sunday morning where the intersection of Royal and Conti Streets some seventy years ago formed a central corner of New Orleans. Yes, yes, the trouble was he had been wasteful and honest. He discussed the matter with that faithful friend and confidant, Baptiste, his yellow body-servant. They concluded that, papa's patience and *tante's* pin-money having been gnawed away quite to the rind, there were left open only these few easily-enumerated resorts: to go to work—they shuddered; to join Major Innerarity's filibustering expedition; or else—why not?—to try some games of confidence. At twenty-two one must begin to be something. Nothing else tempted; could that avail? One could but try. It is noble to try; and, besides, they were hungry. If one could "make the friendship" of some person from the country, for instance, with money, not expert at cards or dice, but, as one would say, willing to learn, one might find cause to say some "Hail Marys."

The sun broke through a clearing sky, and Baptiste pronounced it good for luck. There had been a hurricane in the night. The weed-grown tile-roofs were still dripping, and from lofty brick and low adobe walls a rising steam responded to the summer sunlight. Up-street, and across the Rue du Canal one could get glimpses of the gardens in Faubourg Ste.-Marie standing in silent wretchedness, so many tearful Lucretias, tattered victims of the storm. Short remnants of the wind now and then came down the narrow street in erratic puffs heavily laden with odors of broken boughs and torn flowers, skimmed the little pools of rain-water in the deep ruts of the unpaved street, and suddenly went away to nothing, like a juggler's butterflies or a young man's money.

It was very picturesque, the Rue Royale. The rich and poor met together. The locksmith's swinging key creaked next door to the bank; across the way, crouching, mendicant-like, in the shadow of a great importing-house, was the mud laboratory of the mender of broken combs. Light balconies overhung the rows of showy shops and stores open for trade this Sunday morning, and pretty Latin faces of the higher class glanced over their savagely-pronged railings upon the passers below. At some windows hung lace curtains, flannel duds at some, and at others only the scraping and sighing one-hinged shutter groaning toward Paris after its neglectful master.

M. St.-Ange stood looking up and down the street for nearly an hour. But few ladies, only the inveterate mass-goers, were out. About the entrance of the frequent *cafés* the masculine gentility stood leaning on canes, with which now one and now another beckoned to Jules, some even adding pantomimic hints of the social cup.

M. St.-Ange remarked to his servant without turning his head that somehow he felt sure he should soon return those *bons* that the mulatto had lent him.

"What will you do with them?"

"Me!" said Baptiste, quickly; "I will go and see the bull-fight in the Place Congo."

"There is to be a bull-fight? But where is M. Cayetano?"

"Ah, got all his affairs wet in the tornado. Instead of his circus, they are to have a bull-fight—not an ordinary bull-fight with sick horses, but a buffalo-and-tiger fight. I would not miss it!"

Two or three persons ran to the opposite corner, and commenced striking at something with their canes. Others followed. Can M. St.-Ange and servant, who hasten forward—can the creoles, Cubans, Spaniards, San Domingo refugees, and other loungers—can they hope it is a fight? They hurry forward. Is a man in a fit? The crowd pours in from the side-streets. Have they killed a so-long snake? Bareheaded shopmen leave their wives, who stand upon chairs. The crowd huddles and packs. Those on the outside make little leaps into the air, trying to be tall.

"What is the matter?"

"Have they caught a real live rat?"

"Who is hurt?" asks some one in English.

"*Personne*," replies a shopkeeper; "a man's hat blow' in the gutter; but he has it now. Jules pick' it. See, that is the man, head and shoulders on top the res'."

"He in the homespun?" asks a second shopkeeper. "Humph! an *Américain*—a West-Floridian; bah!"

"But wait; 'st! he is speaking; listen!"

"To who is he speak—?"

"Sh-sh-sh! to Jules."

"Jules who?"

"Silence, you! To Jules St.-Ange, what howe me a bill since long time. Sh-sh-sh!" Then the voice was heard.

Its owner was a man of giant stature, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, as if he was making a constant, good-natured attempt to accommodate himself to ordinary doors and ceilings. His bones were those of an ox. His face was marked more by weather than age, and his narrow brow was bald and smooth. He had instantaneously formed an opinion of Jules St.-Ange, and the multitude of words, most of them lingual curiosities, with which he was rasping the wide-open ears of his listeners, signified, in short, that, as sure as his name was Parson Jones, the little creole was a "plum gentleman."

M. St.-Ange bowed and smiled, and was about to call attention, by both gesture and speech, to a singular object on top the still uncovered head, when the nervous motion of the *Américain* anticipated him, as, throwing up an immense hand, he drew down a large roll of bank-notes. The crowd laughed, the West-Floridian joining, and began to disperse.

"Why, that money belongs to Smyrny Church," said the giant.

"You are very dangerous to make your money expose like that, Misty Posson Jone," said St.-Ange, counting it with his eyes.

The countryman gave a start and smile of surprise.

"How d'dyou know my name was Jones?" he asked; but, without pausing for the creole's answer, furnished in his reckless way some further specimens of Floridian English; and the conciseness with which he presented full intelligence of his home, family, calling, lodging-house, and present and

future plans, might have passed for consummate art, had it not been the most run-wild nature. "And I've done been to Mobile, you know, on business for Bethesda Church. It's the on'yest time I ever been from home; now you wouldn't of believed that, would you? But I admire to have saw you, that's so. You've got to come and eat with me. Me and my boy ain't been fed yit. What might one call yo' name? Jools? Come on, Jools. Come on, Colossus. That's my niggah—his name's Colossus of Rhodes. Is that yo' yallah boy, Jools? Fetch him along, Colossus. It seems like a special providence. —Jools, do you believe in a special providence?"

Jules said he did.

The new-made friends moved briskly off, followed by Baptiste and a short, square, old negro, very black and grotesque, who had introduced himself to the mulatto, with many glittering and cavernous smiles, as "d'bodyservant of d'Rev'n' Mr. Jones."

Both pairs enlivened their walk with conversation. Parson Jones descended upon the doctrine he had mentioned, as illustrated in the perplexities of cotton-growing, and concluded that there would always be "a special providence again' cotton untell folks quits a pressin' of it and haulin' of it on Sundays!"

"*Je dis*," said St.-Ange, in response, "I thing you is juz right. I believe, me, strong-strong in the improvidence, yes. You know my papa he hown a sugah-plantation, you know. 'Jules, me son,' he say one time to me, 'I goin' to make one baril sugah to fedge the moze high price in New Orleans.' Well, he take his bez baril sugah—I neva see a so careful man like me papa always to make a so beautiful sugah *et sirop*. 'Jules, go at Father Pierre an' ged this lill pitcher fill with holy-water, an' tell him sen' his tin bucket, and I will make it fill with *quitte*. I ged the holy-water; my papa sprinkle it over the baril, an' make one cross on the 'ead of the baril.'"

"Why, Jools," said Parson Jones, "that didn't do no good."

"Din do no good! Id brouhnd the so great value! You can strike me dead if thad baril sugah din fedge more high cost than any other in the city. *Parceque*, the man what buy that baril sugah he make a mistake of one hundred pound"—falling back—"mais certainlee!"

"And you think that was growin' out of the holy-water?" asked the parson.

"Mais, what could make it else? Id could not be the *quitte*, because my papa keep the bucket, an' forget to sen' the *quitte* to Father Pierre."

Parson Jones was disappointed.

"Well, now, Jools, you know, I don't think that was right. I reckon you must be a plum Catholic."

M. St.-Ange shrugged. He would not deny his faith.

"I am a *Catholique, mais*"—brightening as he hoped to recommend himself anew—"not a good one."

"Well, you know," said Jones—"where's Colossus? Oh! all right. Colossus strayed off a minute in Mobile, and I plum lost him for two days. Here's the place; come in.

Colossus and this boy can go to the kitchen. —Now, Colossus, what *air* you a-beckonin' at me faw?"

He let his servant draw him aside and address him in a whisper.

"Oh, go 'way!" said the parson, with a jerk. "Who's goin' to throw me? What? Speak louder. Why, Colossus, you shayn't talk so, saw. 'Pon my soul, you're the mightiest fool I ever taken up with. Jest you go down that alley-way with this yalla boy, and don't show yo' face untell yo' called!"

The negro begged; the master wrathily insisted.

"Colossus, will you do ez I tell you, or shell I hev' to strike you, saw?"

"O Mahs Jimmy, I—I's gwine; but"—he ventured nearer—"don't on no account drink nothin', Mahs Jimmy."

Such was the negro's earnestness that he put one foot in the gutter, and fell heavily against his master. The parson threw him off angrily.

"Thar, now! Why, Colossus, you most of been doted with sumthin'; yo' plum crazy.—Humph, come on, Jools, let's eat! Humph! to tell me that when I never taken a drop, exceptin' for chills, in my life—which he knows so as well as me!"

The two masters began to ascend a stair.

"Mais, he is a sassy; I would sell him, me," said the young creole.

"No, I wouldn't do that," replied the parson; "though there is people in Bethesda who says he is a rascal. He's a powerful smart fool. Why, that boy's got money, Jools; more money than religion, I reckon. I'm shore he fallen into mighty bad company"—they passed beyond earshot.

Baptiste and Colossus, instead of going to the tavern kitchen, passed to the next door and entered the dark rear corner of a low grocery, where, the law notwithstanding, liquor was covertly sold to slaves. There, in the quiet company of Baptiste and the grocer, the colloquial powers of Colossus, which were simply prodigious, began very soon to show themselves.

"For whilst," said he, "Mahs Jimmy has eddication, you know—whilst he has eddication, I has 'scretion. He has eddication and I has 'scretion, an' so we gits along."

He drew a black bottle down the counter, and, laying half his length upon the damp board, continued:

"As a p'nciple I discredits de imbimin' of awjus liquors. De imbimin' of awjus liquors, de wiolution of de Sabbaf, de playin' of de fiddle, and de usin' of by-words, dey is de fo' sins of de conscience; an' if any man sin de fo' sins of de conscience, de debble done sharp his fork fo' dat man.—Ain't dat so, boss?"

The grocer was sure it was so.

"Nebertheless, mind you"—here the orator brimmed his glass from the bottle and swallowed the contents with a dry eye—"mind you, a roytious man, sech as ministers of de gospel and dere body-sarvants, can take a *leete* for de weak stomach."

But the fascinations of Colossus's eloquence must not mislead us; this is the story of Parson Jones.

The parson and his new friend ate. But the coffee M. St-Ange declared he could not touch; it was too wretchedly bad. At the French Market, near by, there was some noble coffee. This, however, would have to be bought, and Parson Jones had scruples.

"You see, Jools, every man has his conscience to guide him, which it does so in—"

"Oh, yes!" cried St-Ange, "conscience; thad is the bez, Posson Jone'. Certainlee! I am a *Catholique*, you is a *schismaticque*; you thing it is wrong to dring some coffee—well, then, it is wrong; you thing it is wrong to make the sugah to ged the so large price—well, then, it is wrong; I thing it is right—well, then, it is right; it is all 'abit; *c'est tout*. What a man thing is right, is right; 'tis all 'abit. A man muz nod go again' his conscience'. My faith! do you thing I would go again' my conscience'? *Mais allons*, led us go and ged some coffee."

"Jools."

"W'at?"

"Jools, it ain't the drinkin' of coffee, but the buyin' of it on a Sabbath. You must really excuse me, Jools, it's again' conscience, you know."

"Ah!" said St.-Ange, "*c'est* very true. For you it would be a sin, *mais* for me it is only 'abit. Rilligion is a very strange; I know a man one time, he thing it was wrong to go to cock-fight Sunday evening. I thing it is all 'abit. *Mais*, come, Posson Jone'; I have got one friend, Miguel; led us go at his house and ged some coffee. Come; Miguel have no familie; only him and Joe—always like to see friend; *allons*, led us come yonder."

"Why, Jools, my dear friend, you know," said the shame-faced parson, "I never visit on Sundays."

"Never w'at?" asked the astounded creole.

"No," said Jones, smiling awkwardly.

"Never visit?"

"Exceptin' sometimes amongst church-members," said Parson Jones.

"*Mais*," said the seductive St.-Ange, "Miguel and Joe is church-member—certainlee! They love to talk about rilligion. Come at Miguel and talk about some rilligion. I am nearly expire for me coffee."

Parson Jones took his hat from beneath his chair and rose up.

"Jools," said the weak giant, "I ought to be in church right now."

"*Mais*, the church is right yonder at Miguel," yes. Ah!" continued St.-Ange, as they descended the stairs, "I thing every man muz have the rilligion he like' the bez—me, I like the *Catholique* rilligion the bez—for me it is the bez. Every man will sure go to heaven if he like his rilligion the bez."

"Jools," said the West-Floridian, laying his great hand tenderly upon the creole's shoulder, as they stepped out upon the *banquette*, "do you think you have any shore hopes of heaven?"

"Yass!" replied St.-Ange; "I am sure. I thing everybody will go to heaven. I thing you will go, *et* I thing Miguel will go, *et* Joe—everybody, I thing—*mais*, hof course, not if they not have been christen'. Even I thing some niggers will go."

"Jools," said the parson, stopping in his walk—"Jools, I don't want to lose my niggah."

"You will not loose him. With Baptiste he cannot ged loose."

But Colossus's master was not reassured.

"Now," said he, still tarrying, "this is jest the way; had I of gone to church—"

"Posson Jone'," said Jules.

"What?"

"I tell you. We goin' to church!"

"Will you?" asked Jones, joyously.

"*Allons*, come along," said Jules, taking his elbow.

They walked down the Rue Chartres, passed several corners, and by-and-by turned into a cross-street. The parson stopped an instant as they were turning, and looked back up the street.

"W'at you lookin'?" asked his companion.

"I thought I saw Colossus," answered the parson, with an anxious face; "I reckon 'twa'n't him, though." And they went on.

The street they now entered was a very quiet one. The eye of any chance passer would have been at once drawn to a broad, heavy, white brick edifice on the lower side of the way, with a flag-pole standing out like a bowsprit from one of its great windows, and a pair of lamps hanging before a large closed entrance. It was a theatre, honey-combed with gambling-dens. At this morning hour all was still, and the only sign of life was a knot of little barefoot girls gathered within its narrow shade, and each carrying an infant relative. Into this place the parson and M. St-Ange entered, the little nurses jumping up from the sills to let them pass in.

A half-hour may have passed. At the end of that time the whole juvenile company were laying alternate eyes and ears to the chinks, to gather what they could of an interesting quarrel going on within.

"I did not, saw! I given you no cause of offense, saw! It's not so, saw! Mister Jools simply mistaken the house, thinkin' it was a Sabbath-school! No such thing, saw; I ain't bound to bet! Yes, I kin git out! Yes, without bettin'! I hev a right to my opinion; I reckon I'm a *white man*, saw! No, saw! I on'y said I didn't think you could get the game on them cards. 'Sno such thing, saw! I do not know how to play! I wouldn't hev a rascal's money ef I should win it! Shoot, ef you dare! You can kill me, but you cayn't scare me! No, I shayn't bet! I'll die first! Yes, saw; Mr. Jools can bet for me if he admires to; I ain't his mostah."

Here the speaker seemed to direct his words to St-Ange.

"Saw, I don't understand you, saw. I never said I'd loan you money to bet for me. I don't suspicion this from you, saw. No, I won't take any more lemonade; it's the most notorious stuff I ever drank, saw!"

M. St-Ange's replies were in *faibetto* and not without effect; for presently the parson's indignation and anger began to melt. "Don't ask me, Jools, I can't help you. It's no use; it's a matter of conscience with me, Jools."

"*Mais oui!* 'tis a matt' of conscience' wid me, the same."

"But, Jools, the money's none o' mine, nohow; it belongs to Smyrna, you know."

"If I could make jus' *one* bet," said the persuasive St.-Ange, "I would leave this place, fas'-fas', yes. If I had thing—*mais* I did not soupicion this from you, Posson Jone'—"

"Don't, Jools, don't!"

"No! Posson Jone'."

"You're bound to win?" said the parson, wavering.

"*Mais certainement!* But it is not to win that I want; 'tis me conscience'—me honor!"

"Well, Jools, I hope I'm not a-doin' no wrong. I'll loan you some of this money if you say you'll come right out 'thout takin' your winnin's."

All was still. The peeping children could see the parson as he lifted his hand to his breast-pocket. There it paused a moment in bewilderment, then plunged to the bottom. It came back empty and fell lifelessly at his side. His head dropped upon his breast, his eyes were for a moment closed, his broad palms were lifted and pressed against his forehead, a tremor seized him, and he fell all in a lump to the floor. The children ran off with their infant loads, leaving Jules St-Ange swearing by all his deceased relatives, first to Miguel and Joe, and then to the lifted parson, that he did not know what had become of the money "except if" the black man had got it.

In the rear of ancient New Orleans, beyond the sites of the old rampart, a trio of Spanish forts, where the town has since sprung up and grown old, green with all the luxuriance of the wild creole summer, lay the Congo Plains. Here stretched the canvas of the historic Cayetano, who Sunday after Sunday sowed the sawdust for his circus-ring.

But to-day the great showman had fallen short of his printed promise. The hurricane had come by night, and with one fell swash had made an irretrievable sop of everything. The circus trailed away its bedraggled magnificence, and the ring was cleared for the bull.

Then the sun seemed to come out and work for the people. "See," said the Spaniards, looking up at the glorious sky with its great, white fleets drawn off upon the horizon—"see—heaven smiles upon the bull-fight!"

In the high upper seats of the rude amphitheatre sat the gayly-decked wives and daughters of the Gascons, from the *mltaries* along the Ridge, and the chattering Spanish women of the Market, their shining hair unbonneted to the sun. Next below were their husbands and lovers in Sunday blouses, milkmen, butchers, bakers, black-bearded fishermen, Sicilian fruiterers, swarthy Portuguese sailors, in little woolen caps, and strangers of the graver sort; mariners of England, Germany, and Holland. The lowest seats were full of trappers, smugglers, Canadian *voyageurs*, drinking and singing; *Americains*, too—more's the shame—from the upper rivers—who will not keep their seats—who ply the bottle, and who will get home by-and-by and tell how wicked Sodom is; broad-brimmed, silver-braided Mexicans

too, with their copper cheeks and bat's eyes, and their tinkling spurred heels. Yonder, in that quieter section, are the quadroon women in their black-lace shawls—and there is Baptiste; and below them are the turbaned black women; and there is—but he vanishes—Colossus.

The afternoon is advancing, yet the sport, though loudly demanded, does not begin. The *Américains* grow derisive and find pastime in gibes and raillery. They mock the various Latins with their national inflections, and answer their scowls with laughter. Some of the more aggressive shout pretty French greetings to the women of Gascony, and one bargeman, amid peals of applause, stands on a seat and hurls a kiss to the quadroons. The mariners of England, Germany, and Holland, as spectators, like the fun, while the Spaniards look black and cast defiant imprecations upon their persecutors. Some Gascons, with timely caution, pick their women out and depart, running a terrible fire of gallantries.

In hope of truce, a new call is raised for the bull: "The bull, the bull!—hush!"

In a tier near the ground a man is standing and calling—standing head and shoulders above the rest—calling in the *Américaine* tongue. Another man, big and red, named Joe, and a handsome little creole in elegant dress and full of laughter, wish to stop him, but the flat-boatmen, hahahaing and cheering, will not suffer it. Ah, he is drunk! Even the women can see that; and now he throws his arms wildly and raises his voice until the whole great circle hears it. He is preaching!

Ah! kind Lord, for a special providence now! The men of his own nation—men from the land of the open English Bible and temperance cup and song are cheering him on to mad disgrace. And now another call for the appointed sport is drowned by the flat-boatmen singing the ancient tune of Mear. You can hear the words—

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old soul"

—from ribald lips and throats turned brazen with laughter, from singers who toss their hats aloft and roll in their seats, the chorus swells to the accompaniment of a thousand brogans—

"He used to wear an old gray coat
All buttoned down before."

A ribboned man in the arena is trying to be heard, and the Latins raise one mighty cry for silence. The big red man gets a hand over the parson's mouth and the ribboned man seizes his moment.

"They have been endeavoring for hours," he says, "to draw the terrible animals from their dens, but such is their strength and fierceness that—"

His voice is drowned. Enough has been heard to warrant the inference that the beasts cannot be whipped out of the storm-drenched cages to which menagerie-life and long starvation have attached them, and from the roar of indignation the man of ribbons flies. The noise increases. Men are standing up by hundreds, and women are imploring to be let out of the turmoil. All at once, like the bursting of a dam, the whole mass pours

down into the ring. They sweep across the arena and over the showman's barriers. Miguel gets a frightful trampling. Who cares for gates or doors? They tear the beasts' houses bar from bar, and, laying hold of the gaunt buffalo, drag him forth by feet, ears, and tail; and in the midst of the *mêlée*, still head and shoulders above all, wilder, with the cup of the wicked, than any beast, is the man of God from the Florida parishes!

In his arms he bore—and all the people shouted at once when they saw it—the tiger. He had lifted it high up with its back to his breast, his arms clasped under its shoulders; the wretched brute had curled up caterpillar-wise, with its long tail against its belly, and through its filed teeth grinned a fixed and impotent wrath. And Parson Jones was shouting:

"The tiger and the buffler *shell* lay down together! You dah to say they shayn't and I'll comb you with this varmint from head to foot! The tiger and the buffler *shell* lay down together. They *shell*! Now, you, Joe! Behold! I am here to see it done. The lion and the buffler *shell* lay down together!"

Mouthing these words again and again, the parson forced his way through the surge in the wake of the buffalo. This creature the Latins had secured by a lariat over his head, and were dragging across the old rampart and into a street of the city.

The northern races were trying to prevent, and there was pommeling and knocking down, cursing and knife-drawing, until Jules St.-Ange was quite carried away with the fun, laughed, clapped his hands, and swore with delight, and ever kept close to the gallant parson.

Joe, contrariwise, counted all this child's-play an interruption. He had come to find Colossus and the money. In an unlucky moment he made bold to lay hold of the parson, but a piece of the broken barriers in the hands of a flat-boatman felled him to the sod, the terrible crowd swept over him, the lariat was cut and the giant parson hurled the tiger upon the buffalo's back. In another instant both brutes were dead at the hands of the mob; Jones was lifted from his feet, and prating of Scripture and the millennium, of Paul at Ephesus and Daniel in the "buffler's" den, was borne aloft upon the shoulders of the huzzaing *Américains*. Half an hour later he was sleeping heavily on the floor of a cell in the *calabozo*.

When Parson Jones awoke, a bell was somewhere tolling for midnight. Somebody was at the door of his cell with a key. The lock grated, the door swung, the turnkey looked in and stepped back, and a ray of moonlight fell upon M. Jules St.-Ange. The prisoner sat upon the empty shackles and ring-bolt in the centre of the floor.

"Misty Posson Jone," said the visitor, softly.

"O Jools!"

"*Mais*, w'at de matter, Posson Jone?"

"My sins, Jools, my sins!"

"Ah! Posson Jone," is that something to cry, because a man get sometime a litt' bit intoxicate? *Mais*, if a man keep *all* the time intoxicate, I think that is again 'the conscien'."

"Jools, Jools, your eyes is darkened—oh! Jools, where's my pore old niggah?"

"Posson Jone, never min'; he is wid Baptiste."

"Where?"

"I don't know w'ere—*mais* he is wid Baptiste. Baptiste is a beautiful to take care of somebody."

"Is he as good as you, Jules?" asked Jones, sincerely.

Jules was slightly staggered.

"You know, Posson Jone, you know, a nigger cannot be good as a w'ite man—*mais* Baptiste is a good nigger."

The parson moaned and dropped his chin into his hands.

"I was to of left for home to-morrow, sun-up, on the Isabella schooner. Pore Smyrna!" He deeply sighed.

"Posson Jone," said Jules, leaning against the wall and smiling, "I swear you is the moz funny man I ever see. If I was you I would say, me, 'Ah! 'ow I am lucky! the money I los', it was not mine, anyhow!' My faith! shall a man make hisse'f to be the more sorry because the money he los' is not his? Me, I would say, 'it is a specious providence.'"

"Ah! Misty Posson Jone," he continued, "you make a so droll sermon ad the bull-ring. Ha! ha! I swear I thing you can make money to preach thad sermon many time ad the theatre St.-Philippe. Hah! you is the moz brave dat I never see, *mais* ad the same time the moz rilligious man. Where I'm goin' to fin' one priest to make like dat? *Mais*, why you can't cheer up an' be 'appy? Me, if I should be miserabl' like that I would kill meself."

The countryman only shook his head.

"*Bien*, Posson Jone, I have the so good news for you."

The prisoner looked up with eager inquiry.

"Las' evening when they lock' you, I come right off at M. De Blanc's house to get you let out of de calaboose; M. De Blanc he is the judge. So soon I was entering—'Ah! Jules, me boy, jooz the man to make complete the game!' Posson Jone, it was a specious providence! I win in t'ree hours more dan six hundred dollah! Look." He produced a mass of bank-notes, *bons*, and due-bills.

"And you got the pass?" asked the parson, regarding the money with a sadness incomprehensible to Jules.

"It is here; it take effect so soon the daylight."

"Jools, my friend, your kindness is in vain."

The creole's face became a perfect blank.

"Because," said the parson, "for three reasons: firstly, I have broken the laws and ought to stand the penalty; and, secondly—you must really excuse me, Jools, you know, but the pass has been got on fairly, I'm afereed. You told the judge I was innocent; and in neither case it don't become a Christian (which I hope I can still say I am one) to 'do evil that good may come.' I must stay."

M. St.-Ange stood up aghast, and for a moment speechless, at this exhibition of mor-

al heroism; but an artifice was presently hit upon. "Mais, Posson Jone'!"—in his old *faletto*—"de order—you cannot read it, it is in French—compel you to go hout, sir!"

"Is that so?" cried the parson, bounding up with radiant face—"is that so, Jools?"

The young man nodded, smiling; but, though he smiled, the fountain of his tenderness was opened. He made the sign of the cross as the parson knelt in prayer, and even whispered "Hail Mary," etc., quite through, twice over.

Morning broke in summer glory upon a cluster of villas behind the city, nettled under live-oaks and magnolias on the banks of a deep bayou, and known as Suburb St.-Jean.

With the first beam came the West-Floridian and the creole out upon the bank below the village. Upon the parson's arm hung a pair of antique saddle-bags. Baptiste limped wearily behind; both his eyes were encircled with broad, blue rings, and one cheek-bone bore the official impress of every knuckle of Colossus's left hand. The "beautiful to take care of somebody" had lost his charge. At mention of the negro he became wild, and, half in English, half in the "gumbo" dialect, said murderous things. Intimidated by Jules to calmness, he became able to speak confidently on one point; he could, would, and did swear that Colossus had gone home to the Florida parishes; he was almost certain; in fact, he thought so.

There was a clinking of pulleys as the three appeared upon the bayou's margin, and Baptiste pointed out, in the deep shadow of a great oak, the Isabella, moored among the bulrushes, and just spreading her sails for departure. Moving down to where she lay, the parson and his friend paused on the bank, loath to say farewell.

"O Jools!" said the parson, "supposin' Colossus ain't gone home! O Jools, if you'll look him out for me, I'll never forget you—I'll never forget you, nohow, Jools. No, Jools, I never will believe he taken that money. Yes, I know all niggahs will steal"—he set foot upon the gang-plank—"but Colossus wouldn't steal from me. Good-by."

"Misty Posson Jone'," said St.-Ange, putting his hand on the parson's arm with genuine affection, "hol' on. You see dis money—w'at I win las' night? Well, I win' it by a specious providence, ain't it?"

"There's no tellin'," said the humbled Jones. "Providence

'Moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'

"Ah!" cried the creole, "*c'est* very true. I ged this money in the mysterieuz way. Mais, if I keep dis money, you know where it goin' be to-night?"

"I really can't say," replied the parson.

"Goin' to de dev'," said the sweetly-smiling young man.

The schooner-captain, leaning against the shrouds, and even Baptiste, laughed outright.

"O Jools, you mustn't!"

"Well, den, w'at I shall do wid it?"

"Anything!" answered the parson; "better donate it away to some poor man—"

"Ah! Misty Posson Jone', dat is w'at I want. You los' five hundred dollar'—twas me fault."

"No, it wa'n't, Jools."

"Mais, it was!"

"No!"

"It *was* me fault! I *swear* it was me fault! Mais, here is five hundred dollar'; I wish you shall take it. Here! I don't got no use for money.—Oh, my faith! Posson Jone', you must not begin to cry some more."

Parson Jones was choked with tears. When he found voice he said:

"O Jools, Jools, Jools! my pore, noble, dear, misguided friend! ef you hed of hed a Christian raisin'! May the Lord show you your errors better'n I kin, and bless you for your good intentions—oh, no! I cayn't touch that money with a ten-foot pole; it wa'n't rightly got; you must really excuse me, my dear friend, but I cayn't touch it."

St.-Ange was petrified.

"Good-by, dear Jools," continued the parson, "I'm in the Lords haynds and he's very merciful, which I hope and trust you'll find it out. Good-by!"—the schooner swang slowly off before the breeze—"good-by!"

St.-Ange roused himself.

"Posson Jone'! make me hany'ow dis promise: you never, never, never will come back to New Orleans."

"Ah, Jools, the Lord willin', I'll never leave home again!"

"All right!" cried the creole; "I thing he's willin'. Adieu, Posson Jone'. My faith! you are the so fighting an' moz rilligious man as I never saw! Adieu! Adieu!"

Baptiste uttered a cry and presently ran by his master toward the schooner, his hands full of clods.

St.-Ange looked just in time to see the sable form of Colossus of Rhodes emerge from the vessel's hold, and the pastor of Smyrna and Bethesda seize him in his embrace.

"O Colossus! you outlandish old nigger! Thank the Lord! Thank the Lord!"

The little creole almost wept. He ran down the tow-path, laughing and swearing, and making confused allusion to the entire *personnel* and furniture of the lower regions.

By odd fortune, at the moment that St.-Ange further demonstrated his delight by tripping his mulatto into a bog, the schooner came brushing along the reedy bank with a graceful curve, the sails flapped, and the crew fell to poling her slowly along.

Parson Jones was on the deck, kneeling once more in prayer. His hat had fallen before him; behind him knelt his slave. In thundering tones he was confessing himself "a plum fool," from whom "the conceit had been jolted out," and who had been made to see that even his "nigger had the longest head of the two."

Colossus clasped his hands and groaned.

The parson prayed for a contrite heart.

"Oh, yes!" cried Colossus.

The master acknowledged countless mercies.

"Dat's so!" cried the slave.

The master prayed that they might still be "piled on."

"Glory!" cried the black man, clapping his hands; "pile on!"

"An' now," continued the parson, "bring this pore, backslidin' jackace of a parson and

this pore ole fool nigger back to thar home in peace!"

"Pray fo' de money!" called Colossus.

But the parson prayed for Jules.

"Pray fo' de money!" repeated the negro.

"And oh, give thy servant back that there lost money!"

Colossus rose stealthily, and tiptoed by his still shouting master. St.-Ange, the captain, the crew, gazed in silent wonder at the strategist. Pausing but an instant over the master's hat to grin an acknowledgment of his beholders' speechless interest, he softly placed in it the faithfully-mourned and honestly-prayed-for Smyrna fund; then, saluted by the gesticulative, silent applause of St.-Ange and the schoormen, he resumed his first attitude behind his roaring master.

"Amen!" cried Colossus, meaning to bring him to a close.

"Onworthy though I be—" cried Jones.

"Amen!" reiterated the black.

"A-a-amen!" said Parson Jones.

He rose to his feet, and, stooping to take up his hat, beheld the well-known roll. As one stunned, he gazed for a moment upon his slave, who still knelt with clasped hands and rolling eyeballs; but when he became aware of the laughter and cheers that greeted him from both deck and shore, he lifted eyes and hands to heaven, and cried like the veriest babe. And when he looked at the roll again, and hugged and kissed it, St.-Ange tried to raise a second shout, but choked, and the crew fell to their poles.

And now up runs Baptiste, covered with slime, and prepares to cast his projectiles. The first one fell wide of the mark; the schooner swung round into a long reach of water where the breeze was in her favor; another shout of laughter drowned the maledictions of the muddy man; the sails filled; Colossus of Rhodes, smiling and bowing as hero of the moment, ducked as the main boom swept round, and the schooner, leaning slightly to the pleasant influence, rustled a moment over the bulrushes, and then sped far away down the rippling bayou.

M. Jules St.-Ange stood long, gazing at the receding vessel as it now disappeared, now reappeared beyond the tops of the high undergrowth; but, when an arm of the forest hid it finally from sight, he turned townward, followed by that fagged-out spaniel his servant, saying, as he turned, "Baptiste."

"M'sieur?"

"You know w'at I goin' do wid dis money?"

"Non, m'sieur."

"Well, you can strike me dead if I don't goin' to pay hall my debts! Allons!"

He began a merry little song to the effect that his sweetheart was a wine-bottle, and master and man, leaving care behind, returned to the picturesque Rue Royale. The ways of Providence are indeed strange. In all Parson Jones's after-life, amid the many painful reminiscences of his visit to the City of the Plain, the sweet knowledge was withheld from him that by the light of the Christian virtue that shone from him, even in his great fall, Jules St.-Ange arose, and went to his father, an honest man.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

A NOVEL.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XV.

ON BOARD THE MARY.

"JENNY," whispered Jeff, as he walked beside the little invalid-carriage, in which she was wont to be conveyed when there was the least risk of fatigue, on its way to the boat-house, "what do you think of Holt's get-up?"

"It is ravishing," was her enthusiastic reply.

The remark was called forth by a suit of rough blue cloth, adapted for marine purposes, and a hard shiny hat, such as one expects to see surrounded by a ribbon, embroidered with the name of a ship. It was not, however, so surrounded; and the hue of the clothes, though of unmistakable azure, was very modest in tone. Mr. Holt's attire would, in short, perhaps have altogether escaped censure had it not been so undeniably new; but, as it was, it gave the idea of premeditation. This gentleman, as Jenny had averred, had a special suit for every occasion; not only morning-dress and evening-dress, and driving-dress and riding-dress, but even a particular attire for croquet; and now it appeared that he had not come wholly unprovided with even a yachting-costume. So far as his tailor could do it, he was, in fact, equal to any situation that country-life could place him in, and it was obvious that he had been in none of them—nor in the suits to match—before.

"There is one thing," continued Jenny, "that I must see before I die, and for which reason I wish it was winter. I yearn to behold that man in scarlet, with top-boots and a hunting-cap; that he has got them in his portmanteau, only waiting the opportunity for production, I am confident."

"He would look even more like a monkey, then, than he does now," observed Jeff, contemptuously.

"Not a bit of it. You wrong him there, Jeff. He would only look too new, like the gentlemen sportsmen who ride on horseback in the tailors' shops in Regent Street. What irritates me is his being always so spick and span, so offensively pat with the occasion. I think, however, Mrs. Campden likes it."

"Why on earth should she like it?"

"Well, she feels it a personal compliment that he should have made such extensive preparations for his visit to Riverside. His only mistake has been that he did not provide a suit of Lincoln green for the archery-ground."

Certainly his hostess seemed unusually affable to Mr. Holt as he walked between her and Mrs. Dalton down to the river, while Mr. Campden preceded them with the two girls.

"Have you ever been in a steam-yacht?" inquired she, with an approving glance at his metal buttons.

"No, madam." He always called her

"madam;" and she was not displeased at it. It seemed to mark the difference of social rank between one of her exalted position in the county and a mere stock-broker.

"I have been in other yachts often enough; indeed, I may say too often, for I am a very indifferent sailor. I have several friends who are yachtsmen, but it is not everybody who can offer one a cruise in a steam-yacht."

"I think you will find the Mary very comfortable," answered Mrs. Campden, languidly. "It is named, as you may guess, after my daughter. She christened it, when it was first launched, with a bottle of the best champagne. For my own part, I thought it very extravagant, but my husband would have it so."

"It should not have been dry champagne," said Mr. Holt, with a little smile.

"Why not?" inquired Mrs. Campden. "It would have been better—because cheaper—than Clicquot."

"No doubt, no doubt; I was only referring to the irrelevance of christening a ship, you know, an article intended for the water, with *dry* champagne."

"Oh, I see," said Mrs. Campden, coldly; "it was a joke."

"It was a very little one," said Mr. Holt, apologetically; then, sensible that he had made a quotation, not exactly from the classics, he blushed, and with great earnestness asserted that he was entirely of his hostess's opinion as to the wicked waste of using Clicquot for any such ridiculous ceremony as christening a vessel.

"There was, however, nothing ridiculous about christening the Mary," observed Mr. Campden, chillingly. "Lord Wapshot—who is our lord-lieutenant—was so good as to honor the occasion with his presence; and we had three or four hundred guests in a great tent, from Edgington's, upon the lawn."

"It must have been a splendid spectacle," said Mr. Holt, respectfully.

But the lady of the house was not to be mitigated; she had been joked with by a stock-broker, and was resolved to resent it with becoming severity.

"My dear Edith," said she, addressing her other companion, "what a pity it is your husband cannot accompany us this morning! There is nobody like him for making an expedition of this kind go off."

"He said he would perhaps join us in the course of the afternoon," said Mrs. Dalton. "I am sure he regrets not being able to come as much as you are good enough to say you regret his absence."

"Well, I don't quite agree with you there, Edith," answered the hostess, dryly. "I must confess that I think if Mr. Dalton wanted to come, he *would* have come.—What do you say, Mr. Holt? Do you think that he is so wrapped up in business as to allow it to interfere with what is really more pleasant to him?"

Mrs. Campden was one of those uncompromising women who, if they were common, would make social life intolerable. If not absolutely delighting in battle, she would not go a hair-breadth out of her way to avoid it; she knew that she would get no

assent from Mrs. Dalton, yet, if she had been alone with her, it is probable that she would still have hazarded the same opinion; as it was, she turned to her male guest, reckoning confidently that he would purchase his own forgiveness at the sacrifice of his friend. Here, however, she was mistaken.

"Indeed, madam, I cannot agree with you. Mr. Dalton has not only an aptitude for business, which, considering he has only taken to it comparatively late in life, is surprising, but I have never known him postpone any matter of importance to mere pleasure."

Mrs. Campden sniffed incredulously.

"Ah, you men always hang by one another," she said, "when one comes to talk of the great art and mystery called business, which you would have us believe no woman can understand; but I have known some very ordinary people who have succeeded in it uncommonly well."

Poor Mr. Holt; he really looked very "ordinary" when she said that. He would have flattered himself, if it had been possible, that she was alluding to Mr. Campden, but the glance with which she accompanied her remark made that impossible. He hoped, at least, to meet with gratitude from Mrs. Dalton, to win whose favor he had thus boldly defied their hostess in defending Dalton; but she only favored him with a forced smile. The whole subject of business in connection with her husband was painful to her; she felt, too, that he needed no defense, and least of all from Mr. Richard Holt.

By this time they had reached the boat-house, from which they were to be rowed to the yacht, which was waiting for them, with her steam up, in mid-stream. It was a beautiful craft, fitted up solely with an eye to comfort. The smoke and steam, and all the disagreeables, were confined to the after-part of the vessel; and the fore-part, consisting of a raised deck and highly-decorated cabin, was admirably adapted for a party of pleasure. Upon the deck they all took their seats, except Mr. Campden, to whom confinement of any sort was disagreeable, and who paced up and down, not so much like a sea-captain on his marine domain as a hyena in a cage. It was very good-natured of him to have proposed the expedition, for it was not at all to his taste. He would have much preferred to be roaming about his territorial possessions with an axe in his hand, cutting down trees at random, to which occupation a man who has exchanged town for country late in life is pretty sure to condemn himself. He was wont to term it "thinning the timber," until Dalton had given another name to this amusement of his friend—"raising money on the estate."

The river-voyage was very beautiful, with craggy hills on one side, and on the other rich meadows and woodlands, which "marched," as Mrs. Campden took occasion to remark, "with the Riverside property;" but it was of short duration. In a little while they reached the lake, a broad sheet of open water, with no great picturesqueness to recommend it. Bleabarrow Mere is inferior both in grandeur and loveliness to even the least attractive of the Cumberland and

Westmoreland Lakes; it is high-placed, but the shores are low and barren. It is, in fact, surrounded by moorland. When the first ebullition of spirits that always accompanies the start upon a pleasure-trip had subsided, even the young people began to feel a sense of boredom. It is possible that salt-water may have an enlivening effect—indeed, it must be so, or only the very poorest persons, with something solid to gain by it, would surely commit themselves *twice* to a long voyage—but it is certain that expeditions upon fresh water, unless it be on a river, where you can land if you please, soon become excessively tedious. People get tired of one another's company afloat in one-tenth of the time that they do on shore. The air and the water together have also a sedative effect upon that large class of persons who are charitably described as "having no great resources within themselves"—in plain English, who do not know what it is to think.

In half an hour, Mrs. Campden was giving more assents by nods to the opinions expressed by her companions than she had given by words for the last six months. If you had taxed her with being asleep, she would doubtless have indignantly denied it; but it was true, nevertheless. Her husband, who openly confessed that he did not "care for scenery," was conversing, cigar in mouth, with the ship's engineer about vertical and horizontal movements. Mrs. Dalton, who sat beside her hostess, was not, indeed, like her, in the land of dreams, but she was scarcely conscious of what was taking place around her; her thoughts were busy with the sad future that was awaiting—and so immediately—her dear ones, but of which they had as yet received no hint. Their lively talk, though she heard not the words, jarred upon her ear; their laughter smote her heart only less sorely than their misery would presently smite it. In a few days—in less than a week—they would leave Riverside for what had been their home, but which was now, in fact, no longer theirs, and then the news of their ruin must needs be broken to them. In a few months another child would be born to her—the consciousness of which is of itself depressing to most women—heir to its father's fallen fortunes, and a new burden for them to support. Physically, she was far from well; an abiding sense of weakness was always present with her, which gave her apprehensions for the future, when her time of trial should come; but they were not apprehensions upon her own account. Persons of her pure, self-sacrificing sort are the last in the world to entertain a high opinion of their own merits; but, if common-sense be allowed to enter into the region of theological speculation at all, they are probably conscious that things must needs be well with them when they have shuffled off this mortal coil; that the end of their labors—even though they ignore all thoughts of reward—must needs be good and gracious; at all events, they have no fear, save the fear of being taken from those they love, and who have need of their love. Oh, deep and terrible mystery of life, wherein such beings as these suffer and perish, while the vile and selfish prosper and live on!

In Mrs. Dalton's face, indeed, could be read nothing of this; a serene cheerfulness pervaded it, not only to common eyes, but even to those which affection had rendered keen; but she felt herself unequal to any attempt to promote hilarity. The duty, therefore, of making the time pass agreeably devolved solely upon the "young people" and Mr. Holt, and the latter had by no means been formed by Nature expressly for this vocation.

"We are getting deadly dull," said Jenny, presently, after a meritorious struggle or two to "lift" the conversation, which had done more harm than good, and indeed left it a corpse. "What do you say to 'Lights' or 'Twenty Questions'?"

These were drawing-room games, which were sometimes played at Riverside, and with which all the party were familiar. In the former, two persons select a word of various meaning, and talk of it aloud under its various aspects; though taking care not to name it, while the others guess, from the "lights" thus thrown upon it, what the word is. Even then it is not mentioned; but whoever thinks he has discovered it joins in the conversation, and is admitted into it, permanently or not, according to the correctness or otherwise of his surmise. So, one by one, the whole company join in, till some unhappy wight, not apt for the amusement, finds himself out in the cold, the solitary listener to a general conversation of which he does not understand the drift. Mr. Geoffrey Derwent, great as he was at croquet, unrivaled in the archery-ground, and by no means despicable at the billiard-table, very often found himself at Lights in this unsociable position. Mr. Holt, on the other hand, though by no means good at games that required dexterity, had rather shone at Lights, though, it is true, in a very inferior way to John Dalton, who was so ready at them that, as Kate said, "you might just as well tell papa at once."

"I think drawing-room games out-of-doors are slow," said Jeff, decisively.

"But they can't make us slower than we are," answered Jenny, "since we have come to a full stop."

"I shall be very glad to play at Lights, or anything else, to promote the general hilarity," said Mr. Holt, modestly.

"That is a very large order, 'the general hilarity,'" muttered Jeff to Jenny.

"It is not so much the promotion of hilarity, Mr. Holt, as it seems to me," said she, "as the avoidance of utter collapse that we have to provide for. We have no idea (doubtless) how stupid we have been ourselves for the last half-hour, but everybody has noticed it in his neighbor."

"I have not noticed it in *you*, Miss Jenny," returned Mr. Holt, gallantly. "I have only observed, as in Macaulay's case, that there were occasionally 'flashes of silence.'—What do *you* say, Miss Kate? Are you for games or no games?"

Kate did not like Mr. Holt, but she had looked upon him with less disfavor ever since he had endeavored to take the blame off Jeff's shoulders in the matter of the guid-race; and she thought Jenny was hard upon the man. True, he was not quite up

to the standard of "a gentleman;" but that seemed to her rather a reason why they who were his superiors should deal tenderly with him. Moreover, she was resolved not to "snub" him, ever since Mary had dropped that unpleasant hint about his devotion to her on the night of the charades, lest her coldness should be laid to that account. Thus specially appealed to, she gave her voice for games, and they were commenced accordingly. Jenny and Mary had the word—though the two sisters would have carried on the conversation better—and the *rôle* of the rest was to listen.

"It is curious," said Jenny, "that you generally either see them in great numbers, or else only one at a time."

"Nay," returned Mary; "I have often seen two and four of them, though seldom three, when their object has been to make us good."

"Or perhaps only goody-goody, which is quite another thing," observed Jenny.

"Mamma, however, believes in their efficacy implicitly," said Mary.

"I hope so, my dear," observed Mrs. Campden, awakened by this reference to herself, and understanding dimly that she was called upon to indorse some moral or religious principle.

"I am afraid you have no right to join in our conversation, my dear Mrs. Campden," said Jenny.

"They are playing at Lights," explained Kate, apologetically.

"My dear Kate, I am perfectly well aware of that," returned the hostess, with dignity. It was a maxim with her not only never to own herself wrong, but even mistaken.

"But you know you have not guessed it, mamma," urged Mary; "and it's contrary to the rules to talk to us unless you have."

"Your mother does not even keep one of them in her house, I believe," continued the audacious Jenny, whose character was faulty in this particular—that she had no reverence for those she did not respect. She was impatient of pretense of any kind, and would rap her hostess's knuckles as soon as she would have rapped those of anybody else. What business had the woman to insist upon it she was awake when she was asleep?

"No," said Mary; "we do not keep one at present, though we did so at one time."

"Yes; that is very curious," observed Jenny, thoughtfully. "The poor keep none of them; the moderately-rich keep one of them; the rich keep none of them; but the very rich indeed—quite magnificent people, that is—keep lots of them."

"This is like a riddle of the Sphinx," exclaimed Jeff, despairingly.

"And you are not the *Cædipus* to guess it," retorted Jenny. "As it happens, however, it is not a riddle, though I have seen it in a charade."

"And on the stage," said Mary. "They look lovely on the stage."

"Yes; but I think the gentlemen admire them more than the ladies. I am sure if you were to appear as one, Mary, they would admire you immensely."

Mary blushed and tittered; and Kate put in:

"They were very useful to ladies, however, in old times, were they not?"

"Who is this young person?" inquired Jenny, with icy gravity, of her coadjutor. "Do you think she has a right to join in our private conversation?"

"Let us inquire," said Mary.—"When were they useful to ladies, miss?"

"In muddy weather," rejoined Kate, and thereby established her position. There were now three to carry on the talk instead of four.

"Have you ever known them to change color?" inquired Jenny, with a comical look.

"No," said Mary. "I have known them of different colors, but never to change."

"Nor I," said Kate. "Give us further particulars."

"Well, I have known those to which Mrs. Campden is attached to be red, and yet occasionally not red."

"Are they not often mentioned in romances?" inquired Mrs. Dalton, smiling.

"Mamma has guessed it!" cried Kate, delightedly. "Well done, mamma!"

"I am not sure," said Jenny, severely. "We must not encourage rash speculation. What writer of romance is mostly associated with them?"

"Sir Walter Scott."

"Very true; yet he has not portrayed the most popular—and the largest—of all."

"I have got it!" cried Jeff, triumphantly. "The largest of all is capital."

"Who is this noisy youth?" inquired Jenny, contemptuously. "I cannot think he belongs to us."

"Yes, he does," persisted Jeff, stoutly; "the largest of all was apt to go to sleep a good deal.—Mr. Holt has not guessed it yet."

"If Mr. Holt's literary sympathies were confined to a single book, as yours are, Jeff," said Kate, reprovingly, "he would have guessed it as easily as you."

"Oh, I see!" cried Mr. Holt, forgetting his humiliation in the consciousness that Kate had been kind to him. "I certainly ought to have recognized the Fat Boy."

"I don't see it *now*," argued Mrs. Campden, who, to do her justice, was seldom the last left in ignorance of the desired word. "Of course a boy changes color, though rarely, unless he's bilious; however much it may be expected of him, one never sees one blush." She never missed a chance of hitting at poor Jeff, but this time he had the advantage of her.

"The word is not quite 'boy,' madam, though very like it," explained he, with elaborate politeness; "it is 'page,' which, when in the form of a tract, is occasionally *not* read. Moderately rich people keep *one*—"

"I don't think it's at all a good word," interrupted Mrs. Campden, curtly. "I think it stupid."

"O mamma!" exclaimed Mary, "I think it's an excellent word."

"Uncle George, do, pray, come here," cried Jenny, who, having herself invented the word, was by no means willing to submit to the voice of detraction. "We want an independent opinion from you."

"My dear girl, I have not possessed such

a thing these twenty years," replied Mr. Campden, coming forward with his cigar.

Mrs. Campden bit her lips, and so did the young people, though from a different cause. It was with difficulty that they restrained themselves from laughter.

"We want to hear your opinion of the word 'page' for Lights," continued Jenny. "Do you think it a good word, or not?"

"It is not a bad word, so far as I know," replied Mr. Campden, comically.

"Now, do be serious, Uncle George. Is it well chosen or ill chosen? Somebody says it's stupid."

"I should think that was the person who had not guessed it," observed the referee.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Campden, icily. "It appears to me that you have not learned politeness from the society of your stoker yonder."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the unhappy man, "how was I to know that it was you, my dear? You are generally the very first to guess these things."

"Please either to put your cigar out or to return to your friend in the engine-room," was the uncompromising reply; "ladies do not like tobacco-smoke puffed into their faces, Mr. Campden."

"On board steam-yachts, my dear," rejoined he, good-naturedly, "smoking is always allowed, except abaft the funnel. Nevertheless, to hear is to obey;" and with a *salam* to his lady and master, intended to be Eastern in its profundity, Mr. Campden retired, only to reappear, however, in a few minutes, fresh and smiling, at the luncheon-table. Under the influence of good viands and champagne, the little company, which had been getting somewhat limp and out of spirits, soon revived. The great prescription for a water-party is what Dr. Curzon termed "constant support;" a luncheon should be always going; and, so far as the young people were concerned, the excursion, after all, proved a considerable success. Mrs. Dalton's eyes, however, in vain swept the dreary moorland for her husband; he came not, and, her heart foreboded, was too sad to come. It never struck her, as it would have struck some wives, that he might have "made an effort," as she had done, and helped her to endure the happiness and laughter of the rest by his presence. Since he could not be merry, she was glad to think that he was spared the pain she suffered; but she pined to be with him, that her love might comfort him. What was he doing all alone at Riverside? Twice had Mrs. Campden addressed her, though, it must be allowed, in a very low voice, without diverting her attention from this melancholy thought.

"My dear Edith, are you asleep?" said she, at last, a little sharply.

"A thousand pardons, Julia. I suppose the motion of the vessel made me drowsy."

"It must have made you blind as well as deaf, my dear," whispered her hostess, "if you have not noticed the very marked attentions that somebody has been paying to your Kate all day. Of course, she is well able to take care of herself, but, in my opinion, it is a piece of downright impertinence on his part."

"I have observed nothing," answered Mrs. Dalton, her delicate face flushing in spite of herself. "Are you referring to Mr. Holt?"

"Well, I suppose I'm not referring to Geoffrey, my dear—that would surely be a little too absurd. I say, considering the sort of footing on which Mr. Holt has come down here—not, I must say, altogether with *my* approbation—as your husband's business-friend, it is most impertinent in him to presume in that way. We have every reason, however, to believe that Kate has a proper contempt for the man."

"Well, I think we may be assured at least that Kate has not fallen in love with him," said Mrs. Dalton, smiling. She had quite recovered herself now, and would have been more than a match for her hostess on such a topic a month ago; it is true, she no longer felt on equal terms with her, but then the other did not know it.

"In love with him!" repeated Mrs. Campden, scornfully. "I should as soon have imputed to her an attachment to the footman."

"Mr. Holt is your guest, Julia," returned Mrs. Dalton, stiffly. Her anger was not stirred on Mr. Holt's account at all, and Mrs. Campden knew it, and drew in her horns at once.

"Well, of course the footman is an exaggeration, my dear; but the man has no sort of right to lift his eyes so high."

"Of course such a match would be ill-assorted," returned Mrs. Dalton. "To begin with, there is a very great disparity in years."

"Nay, that would surely be a trifling objection, compared with others. He is not on the same level in society, nor anything like it; while, even as to his wealth—there is no knowing, with these speculating people, whether they may not be beggars tomorrow; and it is no discredit to dear Kate, considering her bringing-up and reasonable expectations, if I say that she is totally unfitted for any other life than one of assured ease and affluence."

"I hope that is not so," said Mrs. Dalton, hesitatingly; and here it was almost upon her tongue to tell why it was she hoped better things of Kate, of the necessity that had arisen that Kate and all her children should fit themselves for quite another life than one of affluence; but her companion's impatience cut her short.

"Oh, nonsense, Edith! I do sincerely trust you will never encourage her to throw herself away upon a poor man. Indeed, I know no one—except, perhaps, my own daughter—less likely to be happy with such. Of course, riches cannot insure contentment; but it is quite as certain that poverty, when it falls upon those who have been used to riches, produces discontent, peevishness, coldness of heart, and, in the end, often downright dislike for those—even when they are not in fault—with whom we are compelled to live. There is a deal of nonsense talked on the other side of the question; but it is rather a suspicious circumstance that all the eloquence in favor of poverty comes from people who are either very rich or not in a position to feel the want of money. You nev-

er hear a man with a large family, for example, preaching up the delights of a small income."

"But when you had a small income yourself, Julia, or one comparatively small, you were just as happy as you are at present."

It was now Mrs. Campden's turn to blush, which she did very violently, though somewhat partially. She was one of those women who blush in patches, and especially on the forehead, the ears, and the tip of the nose.

"Of course, we have had our day of small things, Edith, as I have never sought to conceal; but that was before we occupied our present position in"—she was going to say "the county," but she modestly exchanged it for—"society. Having once attained to that, it would be a great bitterness to fall even to the place that I once occupied, perhaps contentedly enough."

"Yet, you would surely not dislike, on that account, those with whom you were compelled to live—your husband, for example—even though, as you put it, he might have been the cause of your calamity?"

"I honestly tell you, Edith, I should like him none the better for it; and should not certainly expect that Mary would have the same respect for him. A man who, having once established himself and family, risks, I do not say their means of livelihood, for that would be downright selfish wickedness, but their (I know no other word for it) 'position,' by speculation, loses not only their money, but their dutiful affection and regard, and, in my opinion, deserves to lose them. Of course, Mr. Holt yonder, with no family ties, may do as he pleases; but what would the world say of your husband, for example, if he allowed himself to be persuaded by him to enter into any dangerous enterprise?"

"Well, what *would* the world say?" inquired Mrs. Dalton, looking quickly up into her companion's face.

"Why, they would say—some very hard things," answered the other, not without some signs of discomposure. "Even in a supposititious case, one would not like to say what things; but my point is that, though you yourself might forgive him, your children would indorse what would be said."

"And, in your opinion, they would be justified in so doing?" asked Mrs. Dalton, coldly.

"In my opinion they would at least be excusable, Edith. You are not annoyed with me, I hope, for speaking my mind. I am talking, of course, only a general case. I am quite sure Mr. Dalton is the very last man in the world to commit such a piece of folly; but my argument is that, if any one in his position did commit it, it would be a crime."

Here the Mary grounded, as she was accustomed to do on every other trip, some yards from her proper anchorage in the river. Taking into account the interest of money sunk in the purchase, and the expense of her maintenance, each of these rare excursions to Bleabarrow Mere cost her owner about five-and-twenty pounds. But his wife, at least, did not begrudge it. No other family in the county could boast of the possession of a steam-yacht, except the Campdens.

ABOUT LONDON.

II.

THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE.

ON the western side of the well-known and busy thoroughfare of Whitehall, at the western end of the block of Treasury Buildings fronting Montagu House, the spot where, in the days of the second Charles, lived one of the most famous of the companions of his vicious pleasures, the beautiful Louise Renée de Perrencourt, the Duchess of Portsmouth, is one of the most famous streets in England. A "little *cul-de-sac*," Theodore Hook called it. As a little *cul-de-sac*, he wrote of it in terms of witless disparagement; but no similar range of unpretending houses in the whole extent of the British Isles can claim to be possessed of such historic importance, or to be associated with so many principal events in the later life of the English people, as the once dull, commonplace, and smoke-begrimed street known to Londoners as Downing Street.

For close upon two centuries the motive power, so to speak, of the empire has had its residence in this self-same Downing Street. Its political associations are boundless; and, if to these were to be added personal reminiscences of the statesmen and others who would appear most prominent in this connection, the little *cul-de-sac* might furnish whole volumes of English history without the necessity for stepping beyond its precincts to refresh the mind with collateral matter. Along its pavement have trudged, to their daily work of care and statecraft, men whose names will survive our centuries, as those of the leaders of the English nation during the most eventful periods of her history. Chatham and North, Robert Walpole, Pitt, and Fox; Grenville, Gray, Peel, Brougham, and Ellenborough; Derby, Russell, Gladstone, Disraeli, Cobden, and Bright; and to these it would be possible to add whole hosts of others, of men more or less eminent in various paths of political life, well known to the world at large, and quite as worthy to be written down as those few that have been enumerated. The seclusion of the street has, within the last few years, been broken into by the erection of the sumptuous edifice, an engraving of which accompanies this article.

Lofty, massive, and enriched with all the splendor of modern architectural embellishment, the new Foreign Office completely overshadows and renders mean-looking the few remaining houses which still stand, relics of the famous Downing Street of old. As we stepped aside into the arcade of the grand building to catch a better glimpse of the older and more renowned government offices, it was with a feeling akin to sorrow that we noticed their wretchedly forlorn and impoverished appearance. Aged and well worn in service, they will in course of time be razed to the ground that their continued presence may not bring reproach on their young and nobler-looking relative. It is the way of the world, thought we, in this utilitarian age, that ancestral landmarks, be their

traditions never so interesting, should make way before modern improvements. The new broom of the architect and engineer of to-day makes a clean sweep of the primitive dwelling-places of our ancestors. But surely, we asked ourselves, some nook or corner might be found in vast London to serve as alms-tenements for some of these precious if humble relics of her most marvelous history? Soon there will scarce be a spot left to illustrate the stages of her growth; and by-and-by the antiquarian must needs search beyond the limits of the city—the paradise for so many years of the lover of the old—for evidences of the usages, customs, and mode of life—we might add existence, even—of the past generations of Englishmen.

"First Lord of the Treasury" was engraved on the brass plate of the old house; "Chancellor of the Exchequer" appeared on the doorplate of the next; a dirty scrap of official foolscap, pasted on the glass window of the swinging door of the house at the upper end, notified the by-passer that the "Colonial Office" was removed into the gorgeous temples of deistic red-tape in the block of new government buildings over the way. Mechanically one rubbed one's eyes, and brushed away a tear. The old Colonial Office! And such a vile and disgracefully scrawled inscription to do duty for its epitaph! For shame to have left this to be done at the hand of some hireling messenger! At least, the painter's art might have been called in aid, and, on wood-work of sober black, in letters of virgin white, a becoming notification have been made the British public of the departure of its old servant. Faithless to the country at times, we grant, but mostly owing to the evil example of indifferent rulers, and a rare old rascal in the hey-day of its fame, just as the first fresh crop of its well-sown wild-oats was beginning to come to the surface, the old colonial department is yet entitled to a little more consideration than had been shown it here. Never a line, too, in the public prints to speak of its traditions and departed glory. There it stands, biding the time when the pickaxe of the contractor's man shall tumble it to the ground, a monument of neglect and ingratitude on the part of the Commissioner of Public Works. Legions of celebrated men have passed within its doors; myriads of famous and now historical documents—including tons of letters to the governors of the old American colonies—have been composed within its dingy rooms; statesmen and orators, generals and admirals—Wellington came face to face with Nelson for the only time in his life beneath its roof; men learned in the Church and in the law, renowned in the senate and on the bench, with regiments of lesser people, have passed through its portal to transact the business of the empire with secretaries of state for the time being. It is well supported in its wretchedness by the official residences of the Prime Minister and Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer. The eye of Mr. Disraeli must wax dim at times, we should say, as it takes in the enormous contrast between his own dingy dwelling and the magnificence of the abode of his subordinate colleague, the Foreign Secretary. But, doubtless, like his

more eminent predecessors in residence, Pitt and Fox and North and Grey, he cherishes a lingering fondness for the old spot, and maybe something of a superstitious veneration for the one-time halting-place of so much successful genius.

Were we to be asked to name three representative public buildings in London, we should give it as our opinion that no better could be chosen than Somerset House, the Houses of Parliament, and the new public offices—in which is included the Foreign Office. To these, perhaps, it might be proper to add a fourth, the headquarters of the learned and scientific societies of England, Burlington House, Piccadilly, and its adjoining building, the London University. Each of these buildings represents a different style of architecture; each admirably answers the purposes for which it was erected; all are very grand and splendid specimens of architectural skill, and are worthily placed at points of vantage in the capital. The terrace elevation of Somerset House toward the Thames, rendered more imposing now by the embankment of the river, is one of the noblest façades in London. The sumptuous series of buildings forming the Houses of Parliament is grandly illustrative of the Gothic, and of this style of architecture is the largest known example in the world.

The new Foreign and India Offices, and Burlington House, structures of more recent date, are probably the handsomest and most original modern edifices in metropolitan London. Like most matters with which governments have to deal, the question of style and mode of building the new public offices took an inordinate time to consider. And then there was a vast amount of quarreling and squabbling between architects and interested persons on the one hand, and ministers and Parliament on the other, as to the best manner of proceeding to spend the vast amount of money which the public had voted for its new buildings. Ultimately it was agreed that the designs should be thrown open to public competition. Premiums of four thousand, fifteen hundred, and seven hundred and fifty dollars, were offered for the first, second, and third best, which were offered. Proper jurors were appointed, and the design of a comparatively unknown firm, Messrs. Coe and Holland, was selected for the first premium; Mr. Gilbert Scott (now Sir Gilbert Scott, the eminent church-architect) taking the second prize. The award seems to have been called in question by Parliament—for what reason it would be difficult to give a fair and satisfactory answer—and a second competition was entered upon. Mr. Scott came off second again in this trial. But, having the good fortune to stand second in both competitions, the House of Commons decided that his design should be accepted, and forthwith he was to furnish plans for the building. Mr. Scott's design was for a Gothic edifice, which he insisted was required by the associations of the place, the proximity of the Abbey, the Hall, and the Houses of Parliament.

Lord Palmerston, who at this time happened to be prime-minister, was bitterly opposed to Mr. Scott's plans. He declared that, so long as he remained in office, they

should not be executed. Lord Palmerston did remain in office, and Mr. Scott's purpose to erect a Gothic building in Parliament Street was frustrated. The minister seems to have been almost intemperately opposed to Mr. Scott. He called the architect a monomaniac on the subject of Gothic building, and by every means, in Parliament and out of Parliament, checked the display of Mr. Scott's skill in this direction—at least as far as the new public offices were to be concerned. "I think," said the prime-minister to a deputation of members of Parliament and professional men interested in the subject—"I think this Gothic style totally unsuitable to a building such as is now in question, and that the position in which it will be placed, instead of being an ornament, will disfigure the metropolis." Gothic internal details, he declared, were utterly inapplicable to modern use. "I remember," said he, "to have dined at the Speaker's house"—it may be as well to inform the reader that the house of the Speaker of the House of Commons, to which Lord Palmerston here refers, forms a portion of the present Parliament buildings, and is, of course, of Gothic design, in keeping with the rest of the edifice—"I remember to have dined at the Speaker's house with Lord John Russell, at the first dinner given in it, and the remark being made that it was all very well for our ancestors to fit up apartments and rooms in that way, but that our ancestors knew no better." Lord Palmerston maintained that Mr. Scott's structure as originally designed would afford little light and give most inconveniently-built rooms. And in the end Mr. Scott was compelled to modify or alter his plans so as to suit the views of the premier. The result has been the present building, which may be put down as broadly Italian, with an occasional infusion of Gothic, and in the designing of which the non-professional but practical mind of Lord Palmerston seems to have borne no mean share. If a very unprofessional person, such as the present writer humbly professes himself to be, might hazard an opinion upon the merits of the internal details of the new Foreign Office, he should say that they were precisely what they ought to be—admirably suited to their purpose, and exactly adapted to the requirements of a minister transacting state business with foreign ambassadors.

The Foreign Office forms two sides and the angle of the Upper Downing Street portion of a quadrangular range of buildings devoted to the accommodation of the Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, for India, and for the Colonies. Some idea of the extent of ground upon which these buildings stand may be gathered from the fact that no less a sum than one million three hundred thousand dollars was expended in purchasing but a small portion of the site. The exterior generally was designed by Sir George Gilbert Scott, R. A., who was the architect of the Foreign Office throughout; while the interior of the India Office, and an inner-court portion of the same, is by Sir Matthew Digby Wyatt. The facing material is the brown, hard Portland stone; polished red and gray granite is used for the window-columns, and granite, marble, and glass—mostly green and

red—are largely employed in decoration, in the shape of bosses, and otherwise in the friezes. The various fronts display a large amount of elaborate carving. Against the topmost story of the three fronts surrounding the quadrangle stands at intervals a series of sculptured life-size figures; those on the Foreign Office front emblematical of countries—Italy, France, America, and so on; those on the other side representing Indian tribes—the Afghan, Ghorka, Malay, Sikh, etc. These figures are from the studios of such men as Protat, Armstad, Philip, and Raymond Smith, and the respectable sum of two hundred guineas apiece seems to have been paid for the sculpturing of them. The greatest elaboration externally is displayed in the inner court, evidently with such considerable prodigality that the money voted by Parliament had been expended before the detail of the court could be finished in accordance with the architect's design. It is difficult to describe buildings such as these with any great degree of accuracy, and to interest the non-professional reader at the same time; but in general it may be said of them that they are among the finest and most stately edifices in Europe, quite equal to any public building in Paris of recent date—the new Grand Opera House possibly excepted; but then this was erected for a totally different purpose—and that they stand monuments of good judgment in art on the part of the English public.

The first thought, probably, that would occur to the mind of the cynic on walking down the principal corridor of the Foreign Office to the foot of the grand staircase, would be: "Here is a splendid illustration of the humbug innate in our nature. It is thought necessary to erect a palace of gorgeous appearance to serve as a public office, simply that we may gratify our love for outward display, and, if possible, take in our neighbors." Very few Americans can have the smallest conception of the elaborate internal beauty, or, rather, grandeur, of the English Foreign Office; their ideas—and, for the matter of that, the ideas of most persons capable of having a judgment in such matters—would, we should say, be so utterly at fault in drawing a true picture of the interior of this building as it actually appears. It must be remembered that it was peculiarly designed as a place for the dispatch of public business. Setting aside the lengths, widths, and heights of its rooms, corridors, etc., the surroundings of the one principal staircase, leading from the entrance in the quadrangle to the Secretary of State's apartment, are one mass of gorgeous coloring. The vaulted ceiling, which is sixty feet from the floor, is sumptuous in the way of polychromatic decoration. In fact, wherever the eye can reach it is met with rich gilding and richer display of allegorical paintings representing the countries of the world. Alabaster, and black marble, and dove marble, compose the massive balustrade reaching right and left to the principal floor; and the pavement at its foot is the largest of its kind yet executed in England, designed after the finest remains of the Roman antique tessellated work. Right and left of this noble

hall, on the upper and ground floors, are the offices which strike one as being extravagantly spacious for the two or three gentlemen as a rule to be found occupying each. Curtained and carpeted, and resplendent in furniture of scarlet leather, the rooms form the very ideal of exalted and irapproachable officialism; and, if it be not rude to utter it, we formed the opinion that, of all the various degrees of civil-service clerks in various parts of the world, it had been our fortune to see, those of the Foreign Office of the English service are beyond all compare the most magnificent.

Terribly severe and awe-inspiring was the

from the eagle glance of a noble-looking individual, enveloped in an Ulster of sealskin, we found ourselves in due time, under escort of a messenger, viewing the cabinet-room. This is a magnificent apartment some seventy feet long by thirty-five wide, gorgeous in decorative gilding, and giving one the idea of a very splendid ballroom, furnished on either side and at the upper and lower ends with chairs and settees in crimson and gilt. Here international conferences are held, and meetings of the cabinet when discussing foreign affairs of urgent importance. Leading from this room are two others, one hundred and eight feet long together, by thirty feet wide,

sober-colored civilian dress of the ambassador from the American republic.

According to accepted tradition the genius of the English Foreign Office seems to have been the late Earl of Clarendon, as his is the only statue that adorns its halls. A bust of Lord Hammond, better known to the world of diplomacy as Mr. Hammond, for greater part of quarter of a century the permanent Under Secretary of State, keeps the statue of his long-time chief in company. The full length might very properly have been of Mr. Hammond, the bust of the Earl of Clarendon, for there is small doubt that the prime motive power in adjusting complicated inter-



THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE.

waiting-room into which we were shown, biding the convenience of the Under Secretary, who had been good enough to say that he would find us facilities for going over the building. As if to advertise that it belonged not to the rude herd of the public, but to the more polished members of aristocratic society (whom, some how or another, "the public" of England generally manages to support), the newspapers on the table were in the French language. *La Patrie*, *L'Union*, *Le Temps*—alas! we sighed for the *Figaro*—ostentatiously gave us warning that this was the room frequented by members of embassies. Shivering with this feeling of our own importance, and rejoiced to escape

the second of the two being used as a dining-room for dinners of state. Very cozy it looked, with furniture of substantial mahogany and dull morocco, and suggestive of a possibility of good state-secrets being wormed out by wary diplomatists under the influence of the rare contents of its cellar. The Emperor of Russia had played with a knife and fork at one of the tables, and his dull-witted neighbor, the sultan, had once occupied the same seat. No end of brilliant diplomatists have arrayed themselves in wonderful groupings of glittering uniforms and many-colored orders about these rooms; and perhaps the solitary and one notable relief to the dazzling brilliancy of a state-reception has been the

national disputes as far as England was concerned, and removing obstacles to the advancement of her prestige abroad, was the gifted servant of the state whose profile salutes the stranger as he enters the corridor of the London Foreign Office. It will not interest the reader to read of the number or of the size of the rooms in this stately building; nor of the number of clerks employed there, which is small; nor of their emolument, which is large; nor of their skill in trying "How not to do it," which, I am told, is startling. In few words suffice it to say, that England evidently intended that the department for the conduct of her foreign affairs of state should be just the sort of place

that a man's wife, in private life, would desire to have when she wished to secure an advantage at the outset of an interview with the wife of her neighbor, and in this England has admirably succeeded. She treats with her neighbors in a palace that, for costly display and interior magnificence, is certainly not to be excelled by any other public building in the world.

CHARLES E. PASCOE.

A GLANCE BEHIND THE SCENES.

GRÉAT is *opéra bouffe*, and Offenbach is its prophet, was already the cry upon the boulevard as long ago as 1858, when "Orphée," till then grave and sombre in the grand music of Gluck, put on the cap and bells of the new *maestro*, and, with the whole "feather-headed crew of gods and goddesses" in train, followed public opinion to Hades.

Since then public opinion has followed "Orphée," and public applause, too, wherever the henpecked violinist has seen fit to beckon them with his fiddle-bow—to the little theatre of the Passage Choiseul, to the Menus Plaisirs, and finally to the square of Arts et Métiers, where during nearly the whole year of 1874 the *cortège* of Olympus marched and sung before full houses. In 1858, then, Offenbach created the operetta, which was, during many years at least, to be the music of the future for the lighter portion of the Paris public; in 1873, taking the direction of the Théâtre la Gaité, he transferred the *opérette bouffe* into the *opéra flierie*.

Some of the original wit and fun was lost, but on the whole there was a gain. Lavishing labor and expense, the master proved himself a consummate *metteur en scène*; and for artistic beauty of grouping and of colors—in short, for all which appeals to the eye alone—his theatre acquired the first reputation in Paris.

Not even the splendid and serious effects of the Grand Opéra could vie with the exquisitely-conceived and delicately-tinted costumes of the designer, Grévin; and, as *scenic* compositions of light and color, the assembled gods upon the steps of the Olympic hemicycle, and the kingdom of Neptune in the fourth act of "Orphée aux Enfers," as yet are unequalled.

Advised in the first place by artist acquaintances to see "Orphée," and finding friends who enjoyed the Gaité as much as I did, we became for a time frequent visitors; and, when at last good fortune in the person of the master of the ballet enabled me to visit the *coulisses*, my gratification was as great as my curiosity had been to see the interior and the manœuvring of the great machine, which night after night worked so smoothly and so beautifully before the public. Says the "Monsieur de l'Orchestre" of the *Figaro*, one of the noted dramatic critics of Paris: "The *coulisses* of a great theatre like the Gaité are regulated in an almost military manner, and one is à cheval upon discipline; even those who have their *entrées* do not pass the *conciierge* of the Rue

Réaumur without a slight feeling of anxiety, as he is a functionary who does not easily trifle with the countersign." Happening, therefore, to have a legitimate excuse for my visit, and to obtain permission, it was with no small feeling of gratitude to the gentlemanly director, the friend and successor of Offenbach, that I mounted the steep and narrow stairs to the first story.

Here my guide, the master of the ballet, takes me in hand. We wind through dark corridors, which leave one utterly at a loss as to whence one has started, and emerge upon a strange, dim, dangerously confused-looking place, where beams, stretchers, and canvases tower on either hand, and curious shadows cross each other in all directions from the duskily-shaded lamps, which spot here and there upon surfaces that might or might not be substantial. Upon the roughly-boarded floor impediments of all sorts catch the unwary feet; from right to left long slits, like grooves for wheels, cut in black lines across the path; and snaky-looking gray tubes run along the planks and lose themselves through small, round holes. Everything looks dubious and unreal, for it is far from light, the lamps of the stage being for the moment turned down; sometimes the hand meets hard wood, sometimes yielding canvas, sometimes sharp wire network, and torn and hanging strips of paper fan about one's ears.

Indescribable minglings of dingy blues, and reds, and yellows, ancient journals and battered posters, adorn the backs of the bits of scenery. Things look centuries old; and in one's nostrils and throat are always the faint smell of escaping gas and the slight choking of dust. Crowded into the confined space, workmen walk to and fro talking in subdued voices, and, as background to all, a noise that is sometimes a murmur and sometimes almost a growl, seems to come far off and yet at times to be near: now it is like the spoken voice, and now like distant music with a familiar vibration in it, as of some well-known air. In stage-parlance, it is a *closed scene in half light*.

Watched over by my faithful companion the ballet-master, we step backward and forward to avoid collision, as at given signals the tall canvases slide in the grooves, or side-scenes thirty feet high are whirled away like feathers in the hands of men, whom at times one cannot even see.

The lights are turned lower still, and suddenly in the half darkness we are surrounded by demons and animals, devils, huge bats, colossal owls, great toads—hardly anything could be stranger. A door opens, and the whole rout tumble through it at once and are gone; presently it opens again, and they tumble back as rapidly as they went.

"Come down under the stage," says a voice at my elbow, "and see the working of the traps;" and I turn and follow my leader. The piece being given is "The White Cat," a fairy spectacle, full of transformations and tricks, and the scene for the moment represents an infernal incantation. We go down the narrow, the very narrow stairs; there is something about the whole place that reminds one of a ship, and here it is like a

between-decks, only far more confused—a forest of beams and supports, the lights shining behind them like a fire through tree-trunks, and again shooting the strange bars of shadow in a curious network upon the floor and across our faces. Here and there from the low roof, which almost touches our heads, hang massive counterweights to the traps; below us through open spaces are seen another and still another story, deep, black, ugly-looking places. The bare-armed machinists, with their hands upon their hips, stand and look up as if expecting something.

Suddenly a square-shaped blaze of light comes through the ceiling, and three young girls drop down at our feet. Twisting about between the beams and heedless of cobwebs, they brush laughingly past us and run up the steps, whither we follow them just as the scene is changing; and high aloft, among shapeless masses of dusty curtains, long lines of dim lights are beginning to appear, throwing dull reflections upon the iron and steel machinery of the still loftier *cintre*. Passing behind the curtains of the palace of *King Matapa*, where pages are wandering up and down and waiting to announce the different entries, we linger for a moment at the court-side. Every theatre has a "court-side" and a "garden-side," and the ends of pieces of scenery are each plainly marked on the back with one of these designations. The names come from long ago when the palace theatres of the French monarchs were almost invariably placed between a court and a garden.

Close at hand is the *foyer* of the ballet—a small room, quite deserted for the moment; upon a divan stretched along the side are fleecy-looking heaps of white, which, upon nearer inspection, turn out to be the wings of the free birds of the second act. This has very little in common with the splendid *foyer* of the dance at the opera—gilded, frescoed, sumptuous—where three times a week during the *entr'actes* the subscribers are received and the reigning stars of the ballet hold levee. At the Gaité everything is meant for business, and strangers rarely come behind the scenes.

A little farther along is the *foyer des artistes*—quite a sizeable room, with mirrors, divans, and some good engravings after Gérôme and Cabanel. A few of the actors and actresses of the piece, off duty for the moment, are sauntering up and down the smoothly-waxed floor. The rival kings of "The White Cat" are conversing amicably, and the captive prince is stretched luxuriously upon a sofa. Our gods and demigods of "Orphée" have undergone strange transformations. *Pallas* has tossed away casque and buckler, put her owl *en pension*, perhaps, at the Garden of Plants, and is taking a holiday. The cestus of *Venus* hangs unused in the wardrobe of the property-room, and her doves have flown—to the sixth story, where they lie shelved; the goddess has followed her sister deity into *villeggiatura*; *Cupid* is starring in the provinces; but many, too, remain. Though *ton ton, tontaine* has long since died away, *Diana* is in the *coulisses* and wearing gallantly the toque and mantle of *Prince Faithful*; *Flora* and *Iris* have added a yard or

more to the abbreviated garments of *Olympus* and sweep in court-trains. Close at hand is *Mercury*—a booted squire, while *Pluto* has left his cane, his eyeglasses, and his little darkey lunch-bearers, and become the hero and persecuted victim of the piece.

But here is *Vesta*—shades of the venerated guardians of the fire that fell from the skies, veil your heads! *Vesta* is in tights and doublet, and struts before a curtain, and in a high voice announces the entrances of the officers of the king. As for the minor *deities*, the Muses, the Graces, and so forth, like the Irishman's last chicken, they run about so that one can't count them.

At the sides the celebrated Theresa has just finished her song, "La Mare aux Grenouilles," and is coming off; the scene changes quietly and opens the stage to a much wider extent. *Prince Faithful* is about to start upon his voyages, with his miraculous companions, *Fine Ear*, *Strong Arm*, and the others, comrades well known to the children of France, who have pored over the pages of "The White Cat" and "Fortunatus," in the old fairy-books. Some of the children are here, too, to do them honor, and showing their little low heads in the gallery-boxes, where they send up from time to time such shouts of delight as give one pleasure to hear. The boat which is to convey the prince's party (a magical boat, if you please) rumbles heavily forward pushed by several workmen; the voyagers embark, and the triumphant exit is accomplished, we in the *coulisses* being much edified by the immense difficulty with which the miraculous companions preserve their equilibrium, one of them falling heavily just as the enchanted bark, jolting over the rough floor, disappears from the sight of the audience. Waiting in the wings is the *Fairy*—the good fairy of the piece—and, although a star has just opened, merely for her accommodation, and that she might appear in it, she does not appear to be vain, but seems as amiable as a mortal. The canvases slide, the stage opens quite deeply, showing a raised platform at the back.

At the court-side the procession is forming for its entrance, and the place is quite filled with a confused group of workmen, *figurantes*, actors, etc. A *divertissement* is soon to commence, and now up the stairs, from a region of labyrinthine corridors, comes a whole army of little, fluffy, white creatures—the ballet—one by one, until there is a group of some fifty of them, all chattering in an undertone, like so many magpies. Some are armed with shields and blunt, square-headed lances, which my ignorance mistakes for little shovels with long handles. The procession begins to pass on, and the ballet, awaiting the signal to enter, masses itself more and more upon the short stairs leading to the platform. It is an effective picture—in the background, in dark shadow, the machinists and carpenters and some of the principal performers; filing past them a *plumée* of velvet pages, party-colored heralds, and crimson courtiers. Bright against these and bristling with lances, the compact group of girls, the full light streaming from the scene, cutting them out sharply, and flashing

back from the colored-glass jewels which stud their dresses, necks, and arms.

Now their time has come, and, at the first note of the right measure, a squadron of them throws itself forward, and goes down the stage at a trot, quickly followed by another, a third, and a fourth. The officers, two or three *premieres*, four second and as many third *danseuses*, still linger in the wings, but, two or three at a time, they presently pass into the scene. At last the star, the *premier sujet*, dashes in, and the battle is engaged along the whole front.

My guide leading, we press forward as far as we can to where through the broken edges of the scenery we see the proscenium, the orchestra, and one side of the house. The setting of the stage is curious; the grouping, carefully combined, and presenting from the auditorium a well-balanced effect, is, as seen from the *coulisses*, utterly formless, actors, actresses, and *figurantes* seeming to be placed about at the hazard of the action like chess-men upon a hard-fought board. The ballet-master kindly proceeds to initiate me into some of the professional mysteries. "The dance, seen from the side," he says, "is very ugly; but it is the true way to see it; from the front almost anything looks well, while from the *coulisses* it is quite a different matter." He complains, too, bitterly of the glistening wings, which bend and vibrate upon the shoulders of the *danseuses*, and of the predilection which the designer Grévin has for these same bits of gauzy wire. "Grévin is now," he continued, "doing the costumes for the 'Voyage in the Moon,' and I have begged him not to put any wings on to my girls; when he gives them small ones it's not so bad, but if they are large, good-bye to grouping; they are always in the way, whether of wire or of feathers." His complaint seems reasonable, but the wings are certainly pretty. "Soon the curtain will fall, and we will go on the scene."

Almost as he speaks it does fall, and the groups upon the stage break up in a twinkling, leave the broad space almost deserted, except by the carpenters and a dozen or so of dancers, who, crowding together and shaking a cloud of gold-powder from their hair, press their faces against the curtain and peer through its small round holes at the audience. Many of these girls are very pretty as seen from the auditorium, and even look as though they would do very well in ordinary toilet; but it must be admitted that their made-up faces, their powders, their blacks and their reds, are by no means adapted to close inspection. The black, sharp lines under the eyes, and the spots of rouge, evoke mirthful memories of "Humpty Dumpty."

But they are for the time arranged for effect at a distance, and it would be as unfair to look closely at them as it would be to criticise in the scenery the accuracy of the roses as big as straw hats, and the lily-pads as large as dining-tables. They all have their relative positions, and stand in them very well. We have to look well where we step, for on all sides the floor is opening after uncanny double-raps given as warning. Indeed, for a moment the mysterious carpenters and machinists seem to "dig i' the

dark" so fast, that it appears as if our retreat is about to be cut off by new openings that look like miniature earthquakes, heads and arms waving through them as objects are handed up and down. Even more quietly and mysteriously groves of plants and foliage, cut in open work, are rising from below. First the pointed tops of one or two flowers or branches appear through the narrow slits in the floor, growing an inch or two with every few seconds, like the herb of the Hindoo jugglers; then more and more other branches follow them, until they hang high aloft, still steadily progressing toward the centre, whence curtains are slowly descending to meet them; and all this so noiselessly, and with so little appearance of motive power, that one begins to believe that it is a "fairy piece" surely enough.

It is curious to see the machinists carry away the side-scenes, which look impossibly high and heavy. Four men seize one, and away it goes, swaying dizzily, but avoiding the other canvases and treading its way cleverly like a live thing (the resemblance being greatly increased by the fact that the men are sometimes inside and quite hidden), until it is deposited against a pile of others, which groan and bend and give forth a cloud of dust. In the arm-chair of the *King Mignonnet*, which keeps its place near the curtain, two *figurantes* are lounging and chatting; two others, dressed in the gorgeously-embazoned gaberlines of the heralds of "Geneviève," are playing *tag* about it, and by their gay laughter sadly belying the misery which we are taught to believe inseparable from them.

The next act, the country of the birds, contains an effect famous to the annals of the theatres of Paris, for the "Chatte Blanche" is an old piece, three or four times centenary as to representations. This effect, called by a sarcasm of bill-posting "the free birds," consists in the swinging through the air of winged girls suspended by strong wires, and the turning of others about large wheels. The working of this scene promises to be an interesting sight. We go around behind the flats which conceal the machines, the cog wheel, and the cranks. They look strong and powerful; the iron-wire ropes hung already in their places, twisted with deceitful, gilded grape-vines, until they look most innocent and most unlike wire.

Indeed, these little swing-like seats do not appear uncomfortable, and a bird which was not harassed with doubts as to the solidity of them might not be too unhappy in them. It is the women who are hung up by iron girdles that one pities.

Now we leave the stage, as the bars of the great bird-cage are rising on all sides around us, and we start for a visit to what the *Figaro* critics call "the *coulisses* of the *coulisses*," namely, some of the *loges* and toilet-rooms. Strangers to the service are rarely admitted, but to the master of the ballet the *loges* are accessible at almost all times. So, having forewarned them of our visit, we mount the fire-proof staircases for several stories, and enter a moderately-sized room presenting a curious *coup d'œil*.

It is bright and gay, and, though very

simple, is very clean. A white-pine table without any covering runs around half the wall, and nearly full-length mirrors stand in long rows. On the opposite side is a line of cupboards or wardrobes, also of white pine. Upon the tables a confusion of articles, necklaces, bracelets, head-dresses; wigs, black, blond, and red. The birds are putting on their plumage, and there are feathers everywhere. Some who have quite finished have industriously set themselves to "piquer les chausson," i. e., to sew the sides of their dancing-shoes, for these latter are furnished but once a month to the members of the *corps de ballet*, and it is only by unremitting care that they can be made to last so long. The principal performers have new pairs three or four times a week, as their solo dancing tears away the delicate satin in very little time. Odd shoes they are, the soles not coming within an inch or more of the ends; yet in them the wonderful, muscular feet of these young girls balance themselves upon their very points. Just beyond the general *loge* of the ballet are some second *danseuses* in bright, soft yellow; canaries these.

In another still some of the principal dancers sit quietly at their crochet-work, while the *Hen* of the piece is having the last touches put to her toilet by the dressing-maid. The beaked head and wings are duly posed, and the bushy tail-feathers are fastened on to the pretty striped skirt. On the table lie the various instruments of toilet, the brushes for the rice-powders, the harepencils for the rouge, the crayons for the eyebrows, etc. Cling goes a little bell. "That's my signal," says the *Hen*, "but there's no hurry; here comes the *Cock*;" and surely enough he comes along the passage, booted and spurred, and carrying under his arm his combed and wattled head of *papier-mâché*. The *Hen* trots amiably off with him, and we follow down to the stage.

As we arrive upon the scene, which is again dim and obscure, and has again its slightly-choking smell of dust and gas, a demon who has had an altercation with another demon is making considerable noise; he is at length quieted down by the miraculous companions just as a wedding of canaries, with hurdy-gurdies at the front, comes rushing off. These are not the birds of the ballet, but a quantity of boys dressed from head to foot in bright yellow, even to their steeple-crowned hats, and with no particular fancy for them either, or for their pasteboard heads, to judge by the promptness with which they pull them off, as one after another passes through the door. Behind these provisional canaries trots a very small child on a large egg, which just permits him to touch his feet to the ground; he is lifted off immediately, and the shell is laid by, an empty chrysalis, till the next evening. One evening at the exit, this smallest one of all—the egg-child—was unaccountably missing, while shouts of laughter came from the house. On looking in upon the scene, the unfortunate chick was seen to be rolling helplessly before the footlights, having lost his balance, and not having the slightest prospect of finding it again.

The canaries are not the only occupants of the stage—human owls, storks, and paro-

quets, with guns and cartridge-boxes, are strutting about.

But the sides are being filled with the real birds of the ballet, looking very pretty in their blue, yellow, and white feathers. They enter the cage and pose themselves in pyramid, with a great stirring and shaking of the plumed heads as they settle into position. And now the box-like openings at the stage-side of the proscenium are beginning to remind one of railway-stations, and, like Dickens's signal-lights, are "alternately, knowingly, opening a red eye and shutting a green one." The artillerymen are at their positions, and, as the fluttering pyramid gradually becomes motionless, a flood of green light strikes it suddenly, while from the other side comes, to cut upon it, a crimson fire, the two absorbing and killing all local color. As the *adagio* begins, the girls look from the *coulisses* like phantoms, but the fires die away, the footlights become brighter, the music more animated, the movements more rapid, and the ballet moves along toward its *finale*—the free birds. At length the cage sinks slowly through the floor, leaving a decoration of open-work foliage, behind which are still concealed the principal features of the apotheosis. At right and left of the stage the men are bending over the machines, grasping the heavy cranks and ready to give way. Some of the girls have been already lifted from the floor, twelve feet or more, and are dangling against the side-scenes, steadying themselves with their hands. On the great wheel at the back others are hanging like so much glittering fruit, quiet, almost motionless, their hands joined together in front, and their large wings pointing upward and backward toward the centre. Through the floor the *King Peacock*, freighted with a dozen girls, is slowly rising. The signal strikes, the screen of foliage follows the cage into the *cussons*; in the *coulisses* all eyes are turned to the suspended women. The cranks and cogwheels move, the *figurantes* swing dizzily forward into mid-scene, and up and down the human birds cross each other at every angle in the air, while the house bursts into applause. It makes one think of a gigantic barrel-organ—the crashing music, the cranks, the wires, and the moving puppets. In a moment the curtain falls, but the men do not turn from their work, for the hand-clapping continues, and it is rung up to fall again, when we all stream on to the stage.

During the whole of this apparently unpleasant suspension, the women retain their facial composure quite well, and seem little troubled. Indeed, the intrepidity of *figurantes* is proverbial, and there is almost nothing that they will not cheerfully undertake, although accidents are by no means unheard of, and escapes little less than marvelous are sometimes effected. At this same theatre, the "*Roi Carotte*," with its complicated machinery, was particularly unfortunate as to mishaps, and fortunate as to results. At one time a tree fell with two children upon it; at another, a giant manœuvred by three men concealed within it, rising through a trap, suddenly disappeared, falling three stories. For a few moments no one dared to go

into the *dessous* to see whether the men were dead or not, and upon the stage the actors were so troubled that they found it for some moments impossible to go on. Slight bruises were the only result of this accident. Again, in the same play, a *practicable*, with thirty women on it, fell two stories, and still no one was badly hurt. The stories of the *dessous* are very low-studded, still it seems almost impossible to fall through a confusion of beams and bars without being killed. Strapped tightly as they were, they could not move hand or foot, and probably owed their preservation to that very fact. And so, night after night, the soundness of their body and bone hanging literally upon the soundness of wire and plank above and below them, the quiet of these women was something of a curiosity to me.

Immediately upon curtain-fall, actors, actresses, and *danseuses* troop away to their respective dressing-rooms, to be costumed for the last act; and, now that the foreground masses are removed, the effect of the *figurantes*—still helpless in their places, and dotted about above the otherwise bare stage—is grotesquely curious. The machinists arrive, the swinging birds are lowered rapidly by pulleys and unhooked. Gathering their wings under their arms, they run off and deposit them in the *foyer*. The body of the peacock has become disorganized and disappeared, but the tail still stands stiffly. Eight girls strapped fast, and at every angle of inclination, forming altogether a half-circle, like the sticks of a fan, while from the wheel at the back the *figurantes* hang all ways. At last, its arms revolving slowly as each woman approaches the stage, she is taken off by the workmen in blouse and *casquette*. In the centre of the scene, high up, the cup of a huge flower is full of children. A man goes up to them on a ladder, and, as they jump one after another into his arms, he looks as if he were saving lives from some danger. Now all have disappeared except the carpenters and one girl, who, shuffling across the stage, the feet of her *maillot* covered with great slippers, by a too enthusiastic flourish kicks one of them far from her. Recapturing it gayly, and trailing her wings behind her like two paper-kites, she runs off faster than ever.

This deserted condition of things does not last long. Soon a counter-current sets in, and from above-stairs comes a motley assemblage of blue pages, party-colored heralds, and black-and-white lansquenets, uncomfortable looking in their chain-mail hoods and tin-pot helmets. Sitting upon a long beam the king, queen, and prince are conversing quietly, while the two fairies, using their wands as walking-sticks, are sauntering up and down. The ballet is mustering strong, as its part in the last act commences almost immediately after curtain-rise. Watteau shepherds, blue-and-pink shepherdesses, purple vintagers, green harvesters, are scattered about. We are with the director and the *régisseur de la scène*, the only black coats among them, and we retire hastily, as the stage is cleared and the three raps given for the curtain. The latter is never rung up here, the regular signal being given by the *régisseur*, who strikes three times upon the

planks with a heavy stick. This custom is at first rather surprising to an American, especially in theatres like the Gymnase and the Français, where, there being no orchestra, there is no introductory music, and nothing to lead up to the rather startling and certainly not agreeable effect of the three heavy blows. The *divertissement* much resembles the others. It is amusing to see the property-men standing at the wings with baskets full of sheaves, goblets, bottles, sickles, bundles of hoes and rakes, etc., which from time to time are handed out to the dancers. The *corps de ballet* of the Gaité is one of the most "serious" in Paris as regards hard work and talent, at least, so say those who are versed in such matters. It is one of the few theatres which keep up an established *classe de danse* during the whole year. It ranks in its way next to the Grand Opéra, and the more intelligent *dansseuses* seem to have an unquestioned belief in "their art."

The dance, in one or another of its forms, has been a naturally recognized institution since historic times began; but, if choreography in its modern form be an art, either it or public enthusiasm has sadly dwindled since the days of Elslser and the Taglionis. The *ballerines* admit this. "La danse dégringole," said one, in a tone of melancholy conviction, much at variance with the comicality of the slang phrase employed. On the whole, though, the Paris theatres of fairy spectacle, more gorgeously mounted even than our own, are certainly not to be visited in any hopes of meeting with the real dramatic literature of the French. Their *conlisses*, where a little army of people have their nightly manoeuvres to execute, are full of strange effects of light and shade, of animated movement, of orderly confusion, and of many other elements of the picturesque—in short, are full of pictures more interesting than those upon which the footlights shine.

ARE WOMEN TO BLAME?

THIS is the question that starts up with painful readiness as the evidences seem to accumulate of the fraud and corruption in high official life. Are women to blame for the terrible extravagance of living which seems to be at the root of the personal and national ruin that threatens to overwhelm us? When we look about, it does not seem that it is the men without families who are led into this enormous expenditure of living, or any approximation to it.

Mr. Junius Henri Browne has shown up very cleverly the wicked falsity of many old proverbs that have done more mischief in the world than can be computed; but he did not touch that falsest of old saws—"Where there is enough for one, there is enough for two." False under any circumstances on the very face of it, it becomes a glaring absurdity at the present time, when women's dress alone forms an item which is by no means insignificant. And, following the dress, or in conjunction with it, comes a proportionate *style* of household fashion and adornments.

Mr. Albert Rhodes, in a shrewd and far from sentimental article called "The Marriage Question," says that, for a bachelor, "a white cravat, a black coat, a pair of *gris-perle*, and a *claque*, comprise his social stock-in-trade, and, thus equipped, Murray Hill opens its doors to him, and gives him a pleasant welcome. He circulates amid laces and silks with the gratifying thought that he has nothing to do with the bills therefor." And not only has the bachelor this exemption, but he has nothing to do either with the domicile from which emerges all this silk and lace—the necessary fine cage which must hold this fine bird; and, lacking such domicile, he has no obligation of entertainment which is not easily met, if he is a man of ordinary intelligence and wisdom.

General Sherman has testified that he couldn't afford to live in Washington with a family, and that he knew but one man there who had been able to do so, and that man was Secretary Fish, who confessed that it cost him seventy thousand dollars a year.

When the salary of the President was affixed at twenty-five thousand dollars per annum, it was considered at that time amply sufficient to cover all needful expenses, and to enable the first executive of the United States to make a presentable appearance to the world. But all that is changed now, and double the sum does not seem sufficient for the keeping up of appearances at the capital. With these facts before us, how can we but consider that question, "Are women to blame?" affirmatively? For does any one suppose for an instant that these middle-aged and elderly senators left to themselves would adorn their houses, and otherwise indulge in decorations and displays which would approach the present cost? They would have their follies in the way of expenses, no doubt, but they would not compare in cost with diamonds and laces of fabulous price, and dresses from Worth's, to say nothing of the house, whose elegance is in keeping with all this exquisiteness; for one is a certain resultant of the other. And with such belongings, the entertainments that follow are in proportionate splendor of rivalry and unlimit, until our "republican society" is noted in all countries as the climax of extravagance.

And, if we conclude that women must bear the blame of this state of things, where but to her must we look for salvation out of the terrible vortex which has brought us to this pass? Yet, in view of her handiwork—this handiwork of vanity and self-indulgence—it looks a sorry hope indeed that she will voluntarily consent to give up her gilded empire, and the rivalries and powers that lie therein, and, "turning over a new leaf," set herself to simpler and saner, yet for the nonce much more difficult, lessons than the old ones.

Fifteen years ago when the country was in the first throes of its great struggle, there was such opportunity as never before had offered to a woman, to perform a noble and lasting service, and to make her name honored and famous thereby. It was a time when everybody's heart was wrung with personal loss or sympathetic pain. The

shallowest women were then moved out of their depths, and were longing to do something fitting and helpful. If then the wife of the Chief Executive had been a woman of strong original character, and had said to her sisters, more by active example than mere words, "Come, let us establish a new order of social life suited to the times; let us agree to live simply as becomes a republican people at this crisis," every woman high or low would have responded at that electric moment, for every woman high or low waited in that first moment for direction out of herself. And in that following fashion would have been given a new impetus which might have led on to a victory of taste that had perhaps opened up a new and better ideal for all future social life. Instead of that, we went from bad to worse. As the months rolled by heavy with disaster, the gayeties at the capital and elsewhere in the cities of the nation increased and multiplied with astonishing celerity, due partly to the new fortunes that were being so rapidly built up by speculation, and the lack of the very direction to such fortune of which I have spoken. If it was a time that tried men's souls, it was a time that tried women's also; and it found them wanting. To be sure, they knit stockings, and picked lint, and built up fairs, and were busy in kindred sanitary work which helped them bear the *ennui* and pain of separation. It was a good work. I do not wish to undervalue it, but, so far as the necessities of the war were concerned, it might have been done by other methods quite as readily and effectually.

There was certainly nothing original in these plans. It was not a great work which could have been accomplished in no other way, and whose results were beyond all physical helps and comforts. But the service of which I have spoken as possible *would* have been a *great* work, with results almost incalculable; for, from that moment, a new and subtle power would have been evoked, reactionary and revolutionary, and *sanitary* in a much larger and wider sense than of physical helps or comforts. That this work was not done is not the fault of one or another woman. It is simply a misfortune that, in the conspicuous and leading social positions where alone this work could have been effectively and effectually inaugurated, there was no woman of sufficient originality of character and indisputable taste to have seized the golden opportunity which was waiting to make her nobly famous.

But we are at another crisis now. Years of extravagance, of fraud, and crime, have culminated in a national disaster, or a series of disasters, of which the latest exposure is a climax which not only appalls but confuses, and suggests further possibilities that threaten a dissolution of republican credit at home and abroad. And out of it all there is but one road to salvation—that of entire revolution in this excess of luxurious living. But, though the need is greater than it was fifteen years ago, that sympathetic atmosphere of pity and pain, and the desire that throbbed through it everywhere to help personally, are now wanting. Reformation then would have

been received as a joyful offering. Now it will be taken as a bitter draught *in extremis*, which would be avoided if anything else could work a cure equally well. But the draught will not be drained, we may be sure of that, until it is forced upon us. And then we shall not accept it at once, but gradually; little by little until we find ourselves at last convalescent. That this is to be brought about by those who have wrought the evil—the women in the leading positions of social life—there is no manner of doubt. During the passage of those years of war-struggle, a few good women *did* come forward and establish a woman's loyal league which bound them to wear nothing but simple garments made from home-fabrics. But it did not issue from the quarter to command a universal following.

When the beautiful French empress encircled herself with crinoline, or trailed her skirt, the whole world followed her example. Let some beautiful American woman now, whose taste is law, but see fit to clothe herself with simplicity, made charming by her beauty and grace and elegance, and how long would it be before such simplicity would be the fashion through the length and breadth of the land? And it would seem as if in the very reaction of surfeit this reign of simplicity might come in; for how tiresome to the eye are these endless flutings and puffings and ruffles and fur-fringes. Let this queen of society put on a long, plain robe of soft thick silk, with every line following her motions, and let her persist in this style, and presently we should see as one blessed result the tier over tier of flutings and puffings which make the alpaca dress such a travesty of fashion, and the richer dress itself ridiculous for this very travesty, disappear entirely, and the modest flat fold, its only suitable decoration, take the place of the current absurdities. The rich material needs nothing but its own beauty of gloss and grace. The poorer material is made hideous by the trimming brought about by the rage of imitation.

Of course, this matter of gowns does not cover the whole question of extravagance in dress. But simplify those, and the taste begins to be cultivated, and lifts itself into the region of fitness. And in this region lies true art, where superfluity is never tolerated. Once get this artistic element thoroughly in play, and let dress be studied from the point of artistic culture, and the era of reformation is nearer at hand. But this suggestion seems at present a good deal like Mrs. Glass's famous receipt for making hare-pie—"First catch your hare." And so we might well say, "First get your artistic culture." In all "good society" now, however, women are breaking out into little clubs of culture in various mental ways. In Boston there are history classes, French classes, and music classes, all in something of the club form of sociability, and many among the gayer regions of society.

If, in the interest of the dress-question, as specially connected with its best development in the way of taste, there should be started, not another development of what we all know now as the "Dress Reform Association," but a class in the pursuit of culture in

art as applied to dress and household adornments, I am sure the results would be ten times as useful and satisfactory as the pursuit of Indian myths and other dead lore, which is at the present moment the industrious mental occupation of a score or more of young women in a certain circle in a certain city of this wonderful country of ours.

However, we must wait for some empress among us to start this new idea. In the mean time, why cannot every woman consider seriously at this time that with her, singly and alone, lies some of this responsibility? Why can she not range herself on the side of her country's friends and helpers, instead of with its allies of destruction? And I insist that every individual effort in the direction of a *beautiful* simplicity, which shall make it a point to discard superfluity and extravagance, every flounce and ruffle and plaiting less, with this purpose, would be of that help which shall be of the nation's salvation.

NORA PERRY.

THE ITALIAN MOTHER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF SOUMET.

WHEN Luna drops her pearls of light
Between the blossoms of the trees;
When Philomela lulls at night
Her baby-birds to sleep and ease;
The Italian mother, fond and fair,
Her cradle rocks beneath the skies,
And, breathed upon the evening air,
Her prayers like angel-tones arise.

"Sleep, sleep, my child! these veiling leaves
From chilling dews protect thy bed,
E'en while thy shaded brow receives
The kiss of stars above thy head.
Hushed by these murmuring waves, sleep well!
Oh, may thy life be pure as they!
Like bird and flower, unconscious dwell
Of storms that follow childhood's day."

The drowsy bird on drowsy nest,
In plaintive sighs his notes prolongs.
Then, rousing, throws from east to west
The echoing marvel of his songs.
"Sleep, child! the willow's waving bough
Reflects the hovering glow-worm's light.
The vigils of my heart allow
No dream to mar this blissful night.
As round his mother's bending form
The Holy Babe shed rays divine,
My being in thy smile grows warm:
Thy cradle's my horizon's line."

The drowsy bird on drowsy nest,
In plaintive sighs his notes prolongs.
Then, rousing, throws from east to west
The echoing marvel of his songs.
"Sleep, child! on bush and branch and tree,
Sweet blossoms open for thy sake.
The morning light will brighter be:
I watch thy blue eyes till they wake.
Though day will bring the sun's bright beam,
In thy sweet face my light I seek.
Sing softly, birds! dance lightly, stream!
I listen lest my baby speak."

Thus, by a tiny, swaying nest,
Whose circlet held her world, her all,
With swelling heart and glowing breast,
A mother did her joy recall.
Oh, what can heaven hold of bliss
More pure, more deep, more sweet, than this!

FLORENCE H. KENDRICK.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE were informed the other day by cable dispatch that Robert Buchanan had made an appeal to the British public for assistance to Walt Whitman, as he is neglected by the "literary coteries which emasculate America." Later telegrams report that the Whitman controversy rages in the London press, the *Saturday Review* calling Buchanan's letter an "insulting appeal to Englishmen on behalf of the apostle of beastliness, and an advertising trick." And now that this "good gray poet," as an admirer dubbed him, has fairly reached an international notoriety, it will be worth while to look a little into his claims.

Buchanan's just-uttered slur about literary emasculation in America is the key to the estimate in which Whitman is held by the small but noisy clique of Englishmen who have adopted him. With them he is the poetical representative of the brawn, the vigor, and the rough individualism of the great West. Their theory of Whitman makes him an intellectual phenomenon, too large, free, and wayward for our miserable modern conventionalities. They seem to regard him as a sort of Titanesque genius, who has come to us, not in the common way, but as if thrown out of the earth by a convulsion, or descending from the mountains with his "barbaric yawp" to bring to judgment a tame, insipid, and contemptible generation. "Give way," they say, "down upon your knees, you wretched weaklings of an effeminate culture, for here comes the hero of a new epoch—a man reeking with Nature, unpurged and uncorrupted, with an eye of insight to see through all shams, a hand of power to strip off all disguises, and a tongue of freedom to say what he pleases." It is barely possible that those who propound this view half believe what they say; but we might despair of all literary judgments if such a flagrant example of pure literary pretense went long undetected. Whitman has been palmed off upon England because a knot of credulous and erratic thinkers there—Rossetti, Buchanan, Dowden, Swinburne, etc.—have been these dozen years writing him up in the London periodicals. They have bewildered a good many people, and got the man talked about, which goes for reputation. But the view of Whitman entertained by this set of English poets is simply ridiculous. Happily for our faith in sound criticism, this conclusion has been reached by an examination of his books alone:

In the *Contemporary Review* of last December, a distinguished English writer, Mr. Peter Bayne published a scathing critique of Whitman's writings, in which he not only

exposed his abominable foulness and his intellectual shallowness and general absurdity, but came to the conclusion that all that part of his work on which his admirers found their claims to his peculiar greatness is a trick and an affectation. He not only shows that he is filthy, inflated, and foolish, disgustingly egotistic and full of sensational extravagance, but sees that all his rant and rubbish have a suitable basis in mere fantastic pretense. At the close of his article he remarks:

"Incapable of true poetical originality, Whitman had the cleverness to invent a literary trick, and the shrewdness to stick to it. As a Yankee phenomenon, to be good-humoredly laughed at, and to receive that moderate pecuniary remuneration which Nature allows to vivacious quacks, he would have been in his place; but, when influential critics introduce him to the English public as a great poet, the thing becomes too serious for a joke. While reading Whitman, in the recollection of what had been said of him by those gentlemen, I realized with bitter painfulness how deadly is the peril that our literature may pass into conditions of horrible disease, the raging flame of fever taking the place of natural heat; the ravings of delirium superseding the enthusiasm of poetical imagination; the distortions of tetanic spasm caricaturing the movements, dance-like and music-measured, of harmonious strength. Therefore I suspended more congenial work to pen this little counterblast to literary extravagance and affectation."

The conclusion here arrived at, that Whitman, in his literary life and methods, is a mere trickster, is verified by his history. There was nothing peculiar about his early career. Belonging to a respectable family of farmers on Long Island, he went to school like other boys. When he grew to be a young man, he taught school like many other young men. When the celebrated hard-cider and coon-skin political campaign stirred up the community in 1848, Whitman was drawn into it, and spouted democracy from the stump, as it is very common for young men to do in the country. Waxing ambitious, and wishing to escape democratic labor in the country, he came to New York to get a living by his wits. Well introduced by political acquaintance, he took to the business of writing for newspapers and magazines. He wrote stories, essays, and articles of all sorts that he could sell. He got access to the *Democratic Review*, then the leading literary periodical of New York, edited by Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan. His contributions to this magazine from 1840 to 1850, signed Walter Whitman, appeared among those of Whittier, Poe, Brownson, Hawthorne, Tuckerman, Curtis, Godwin, and Taylor. They are decorous, jejune, and commonplace, contrasting strongly with the general quality of the magazine, and, deserving no attention, they attracted none. Whitman also wrote for the Sunday papers and the daily press—turning his hand to anything he could get, and, if we are not mistaken, when the Washing-

ton movement arose he availed himself of the excitement, and wrote a temperance novel. He was, moreover, a pleasant gentleman, of agreeable address, and went into society as well attired as his precarious resources would allow. In short, he was an entirely respectable person, with nothing marked about him, and meeting with a dubious success due to moderate ability, qualified by excessive indolence.

Such was Whitman's "foreground." He had a dozen or fifteen years' experience of practical literature and miscellaneous journalism in the metropolis, with every opportunity to win a position and make himself known, if he had been capable of it. But Whitman had an ambition, born of egregious vanity, and he was not content with the obscurity from which he had been unable to escape in the open competitions of literature. Correctly concluding that it was of no use to pursue that tack longer, and determined to become a marked man somehow, he resolved to change his tactics. If he could not win fame, he would have notoriety; if the critics would not recognize him, he must find people that would. But, whatever may have been his ratiocination in the case, he changed his manner of life, and took to consorting with loafers. Donning a tarpaulin, blouse, and red-flannel shirt, conspicuously open, he snubbed conventionalities, clambered on the outside of the omnibus, cultivated the driver, and soon became a hero among the roughs. Sauntering leisurely along the thoroughfares, and lingering at show-windows in his jaunty, uncouth costume, with a quiet air of defying the world, he soon attracted attention, and began to be talked of and inquired about. He thus got recognition as "Walt Whitman," patron and pride of the ruder elements of society.

Coincident with this external transformation there was an internal change equally marked. He made a strike in literature from his new standpoint. He had been scribbling away for years to no purpose, and at last he charged his old carbine with smut to the very muzzle, let drive, and brought down the first of American thinkers at the first shot. More literally, he issued a "pome," so called in his new vernacular, entitled "Leaves of Grass." Mr. Whitman had never been celebrated; he had found nobody to celebrate him, and so the first words of his new book were: "I celebrate myself." It was a performance of unparalleled audacity. In total contrast with all that he had ever done before, it was an outrage upon decency, and not fit to be seen in any respectable house. Impudent and ridiculous as the book was, it would not have been easy to get it before the public, but accident and the author's cunning favored

him. He sent a copy to Mr. Emerson, who returned a very flattering, but probably hasty, private note, not dreaming that any public use would be made of it. Walt printed it at once, and the weight of Emerson's name sent the book straightway into circulation. Then people made pilgrimages to see the extraordinary man with the curious aspect that had made such an astonishing book, and of whom nobody had ever heard before; and the notion was spread that he was the original genius of Nature itself, unwarped by culture, unspoiled by society, careless of conventions, because dwelling far above them in the realm of his own sublime individuality. The external evidence thus coincides with Mr. Bayne's analysis of Whitman's writings in showing that they are but an affectation and a pretense. Those may believe who will that when he entered upon the rôle of loafer, dressed up accordingly, vulgarized his name, and wrote a book filled with drivel and indecency, Mr. Whitman suddenly became the inspired poet of democracy, and, as Swinburne says, "the greatest of American voices;" but against such a view common-sense protests. If his English devotees wish to testify their appreciation of Whitman's life and labors in a substantial way, let them quietly remit their sovereigns and do so. But let us be spared their insulting telegrams. The less publicity they give to their proceedings the better.

To the title of "Queen of England," Victoria is, it appears, to add that of "Empress of India." It is a curious commentary on the importance of a name that this subject has occupied the House of Commons two nights in vigorous and acrimonious debate. *Juliet's* query, "What's in a name?" is thus answered with considerable emphasis by English statesmanship. The odor of English royalty will be of sweeter perfume, according to Mr. Disraeli, if the bouquet is labeled "Imperial." The emptiness usually attributed to titles, which is well satirized in dramatic fields by such pieces as "La Grande-Duchesse," and which is an axiom with all orthodox republicans on both sides of the ocean, does not exist, in the present case, if we may believe the eloquent arguments of the prime-minister. And when we consider that England, in dealing with India, deals with a race whose imagination is greatly stimulated by external pomp and high-flown language, a race whose traditions amply show the magic of a watchword and the spell of a magniloquent title, we are fain to admit that what very likely seems nonsense, or worse, to the modern hard-headed Briton, is really an important state-stroke of Indian policy.

Some English statesmen scout the idea of decorating a plain and matronly English

lady, although the first lady in the land, with a title which, if not Oriental, is at the very least thoroughly "un-English." The style of "king" and "queen" has been good enough for the line of sovereigns who are said to have built up and maintained for centuries the grandeur of the English name and power; and nothing, say these gentlemen, can add to the significance of a title great in its simplicity. The whole argument on the other side is merely that to make the queen Empress of India will be to do something more to attach the Hindoos to the English rule. Military severity has been tried; so have conciliation, protection of the native religions, the restricting of famines, material improvements, education, facilities for trade, and, lastly, a gorgeous progress of the Prince of Wales; and, if a sop can be thrown to the still morose nizams and rajahs, by merely trumpeting forth a new title, there seems a good reason for doing it. But will the new title have the desired effect? Mr. Lowe says that "emperor," in the minds of the Eastern peoples, means conquest and dominion by the sword; and that, though this may be true of the English rule in India, it is not prudent to establish a perpetual reminder of the fact. The title is, in truth, one of many experiments devised by English statesmen to charm the Hindoo from his present half-hearted allegiance; time will justify or disprove its wisdom.

THE sacredness of "property" in England has just been asserted by a somewhat novel method of punishment. It seems that a certain Mr. Wilberforce, in whose veins it is scarcely to be imagined or hoped that the blood of the great philanthropist runs, has an estate bounded by hedges, and that beneath these hedges rabbits have made their burrows. To the English boy there are few temptations so irresistible as that presented by a rabbit-hole, especially if a furry white cony has been seen to dart into it. Two quite small lads one day experienced this sensation in the vicinity of Mr. Wilberforce's hedge, and, as ill-luck would have it, were caught by the dread landlord himself in the act of digging up the burrow. The father of the two boys was summoned, and Mr. Wilberforce, who is an unpaid magistrate, being unable to bring the delinquents before court, proposed that the father should chastise them in his presence. The father pleaded a sore hand, but agreed that Mr. Wilberforce should exercise his own dire will, which he did literally with a vengeance. The instrument of chastisement was a stout birch rod; and so effectually were these two small boys whipped that the executioner left their poor little backs dripping with blood. Even the meek father thought that property had

over-avenged itself, and so he brought an action of assault; whereupon justice decided that Mr. Wilberforce's luxury was worth about ten pounds sterling.

It then became a question whether a man, even though he were a lord of the manor and a county magnate, who could thus torture two poor little boys for a very slight and thoroughly boyish trespass, was fit to sit upon the bench as a magistrate. He was finally allowed to remain, and will continue to dispense a justice's justice peculiarly his own in the vicinity of Graffham. It is not too much to say that England is the only civilized country where children so young would be treated with a cruelty so savage and wanton, and where the disgraces of rural justice are so mildly censured and so easily condoned. Curiously enough, while the Wilberforce affair was being talked about, the House of Commons was ringing with indignant speeches against the return of slaves to their owners by British naval commanders in foreign seas. These very statesmen, however, who so luridly pictured the atrocity of delivering to slavery again those human beings who had sought freedom and protection on English men-of-war, had little or nothing to say about the scandal of justice's justice, which in many parts of England has produced a state of terror among the humbler classes, and which certainly threatens more serious national results than the failure to always aid the liberty of slaves in the antipodes.

ANNIVERSARIES are naturally periods of comparison. On a birthday our thoughts naturally recur to the year before, and we recall the changes which have come to us, or which have occurred within us, since leaving the last mile-stone in the journey of life. So in this Centennial time it becomes a favorite speculation, though probably rather a sentimental than a useful one, whether we have advanced or retrograded as a people in morals during the century gone. An English writer recently indulged in a curious comparison between public morals in England to-day and those in the imperial Rome of Domitian; and he derives considerable consolation from the contrast. He does not deduce his conclusions from the rasping satires of Juvenal, which, indeed, related to an earlier and politically darker period, but from the exhortations of the Christian Fathers, who had become plain-spoken, and had a more serious purpose in their pictures of society than had Juvenal. It appears from them that the patrician Romans of the fifth century were "haughty, sensual, vainglorious, lazy, and corrupt; that the men exhibited in their garments and their demeanor a disgraceful effeminacy; that the ladies were

eaten up with vanity, and plastered with cosmetics." There were "shoddy" people and snobs then as now; panders, poisoners, thieves, and usurers, and, no doubt, bribing contractors and bribed official dignitaries.

The essayist goes on to compare the present morals and manners with those of the past century; and, after showing the prevailing vices of each age, reaches the conclusion that "the best thing we can do with the age is to take it as we find it." The fact would seem to be that, while our age is more refined, it is also more reckless and luxurious; and that, while the ratio of rascality has increased with that of population and civilization, it is more easily detected, and more certainly punished. Vices which a century ago were practised in the light of day have now shrunk behind the darkness, as, for instance, gambling; while other vices, such as drunkenness and profanity, which were not unfashionable in the London society of 1776, are now tabooed in the best circles, and have fallen to the lower social orders. We are not living, according to the writer, in a golden age, yet it is golden in a certain material sense; nor can an age be called luxurious and idle which is full of the evidences of intense, eager, and sternest labor. Perhaps the best name for the epoch would be the age of publicity; for a brighter and more searching light penetrates every chink and corner where men are moving and doing, and therefore vice appears more glaringly bad and hideous, as well as virtue more attractive and worthy of emulation. Probably the best conclusion from a comparison of the morals of different periods is, that vice and virtue develop side by side as civilization advances; for, while one effect of civilization is to foster virtue and well-doing, another is certainly to open out new paths and opportunities to vice.

THE destructive tornadoes that occur every year in the Western country indicate the necessity of a change in the method of building in the sections subject to these disastrous winds. In countries liable to earthquakes, low structures of a character to reduce the consequences of convulsions to their minimum are erected; and it seems now as if the frequency of tornadoes in the West rendered imperatively necessary a similar adaptation of the domicile to the exigencies to which it is liable. The house in the West has been too closely copied after that used in the Eastern States, regardless of different conditions of climate and exposure. On the prairies the suns are hot, the winter-cold intense, and the winds terrific. To resist these three forces there has been commonly erected the slight frame originated in the early settlement of the Atlantic shore. It is obvious

that this style of house is wholly unadapted to the exposure and local circumstances of the West. The buildings there should have thick walls, such as will resist both cold and heat; they should be low, so as to afford the least possible surface for the wind to act upon, and stanch enough to resist the force of a tornado; and, if the inclosed central court of structures in the tropics were adopted, the Western houses would be much more comfortable under July and August suns than they now are. That changes of some such nature as those we have suggested are necessary is obvious, and, if not made, the winds will continue to hold the villages of the plains at their mercy.

THE London *Examiner* thinks that probably not one out of every ten Englishmen would pronounce one out of twenty names of American States or towns correctly. Most Englishmen, it thinks, would pronounce *Arkansas* as if it were like *Kansas*, whereas it declares that it is always pronounced *Arkansasaw*. It is needless to tell our readers that our English contemporary is quite wrong. It is true that the word is sometimes pronounced with the last syllable to rhyme with *maw*, but with the majority of people the accepted pronunciation is like *Kansas*. Some years ago the two senators from that State pronounced the name differently, one giving the last syllable the sound of *saw*, the other that of *sas*, to rhyme with the same syllable in *Kansas*. As an instance of the courtly manners of a Southern senator, it is recorded that whenever addressing these senators he would make his pronunciation correspond with that of the gentleman to whom he spoke, never forgetting in one case to say *Arkansas*, and in the other *Arkansasaw*. A better illustration of the punctilious and elaborate politeness of the old school could not easily be given.

Books and Authors.

BUT two or three weeks have elapsed since we had occasion to commend "The Life, Letters, and Journals of George Ticknor" to our readers, and already we have in "William Godwin: His Friends and Contemporaries,"¹ a work of the same general character, which is in every way worthy to take a place beside it on the library-shelf. The memoir of Godwin is more strictly biographical, and the reminiscences with which it is coupled lack that variety, brilliancy, and copiousness which constitute the great charm of the Ticknor journals; but the book will be accepted at once by scholars as one of the few first-rate literary biographies in our language, and will be read with the keenest

interest by many who never heard of Godwin, except, perhaps, as the author of "Caleb Williams."

In the memoir of Godwin, as in that of Ticknor, it is the delineation which it affords of the character of Godwin himself that constitutes the most attractive feature of the book. There was nothing picturesque, or gracious, or winning, about Godwin personally; he makes small appeal to our sympathies; and, though his talents were of the highest order, he lacked that subtle quality which singles out genius, and gives its works the stamp of immortality. Yet few men on intimate acquaintance inspire a stronger feeling of respect; few have more consistently made practice conform to theory; and very few indeed have possessed in so remarkable a degree the characteristics and attainments of a genuine philosopher. Among the literary worthies of the latter part of the last and the first quarter of the present century, his is a unique and striking figure; and, though a generation has grown up which knows not "Political Justice," or "Caleb Williams," or "St. Leon," or "Faulkener," his life will prove one of peculiar interest to all students of the period which produced Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Shelley, Walter Scott, Mackintosh, Hazlitt, and the other notable men and women who shed such lustre upon contemporary letters.

Fortunately, Godwin left ample materials for depicting both himself and, to a certain extent, the times in which he lived. Besides a fragment of autobiography, and diaries covering a period of sixty years or more, his papers included "a vast quantity of letters and other manuscripts, some of which had never been opened since they were laid aside by Godwin's own hand, many years before his death." Among these were letters from Sir Walter Scott, Coleridge, Shelley, Lamb, Jeffrey, Washington Irving, Kemble, Dr. Parr, Sheridan, Curran, Lady Caroline Lamb, Mary Wollstonecraft, and Mrs. Inchbald, nearly all of which now see the light for the first time, and not a few of which are of genuine literary value. Here is one from several exquisitely characteristic ones by Charles Lamb. "The disposition shown in it," says Mr. Paul, "at once so genial and so humble, prevented his little tiffs with Godwin from assuming such serious proportions as did Godwin's misunderstandings with other friends:"

"I repent. Can that God whom thy votaries say that thou hast demolished expect more? I did indite a splenetic letter, but did the black Hypochondria never gripe thy heart, till thou hast taken a friend for an enemy? The foul fiend Flibbertigibbet leads me over four-inch bridges, to course my own shadow for a traitor. There are certain positions of the moon under which I counsel thee not to take anything written from this domicile as serious."

"I rank thee with Alves, Latine, Helvetius, or any of his cursed crew? Thou art my friend, and henceforth my philosopher; thou shalt teach Distinction to the junior branches of my household, and Deception to the gray-haired Janitress at my door."

"What! Are these atonements? Can Arcadius be brought upon knees, creeping and crouching?"

"Come, as *Macbeth's* drunken porter says, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock, knock—seven times in a day shalt thou batter at thy peace, and if I shut aught against thee, save the Temple of Janus, may Briareus, with his hundred hands, in each a brass knocker, lead me such a life."
C. LAMB.

And here is an extract from one of Coleridge's:

"GRETA HALL, KESWICK,
March 25, 1801."

"DEAR GODWIN: I fear your tragedy will find me in a very unfit state of mind to sit in judgment on it. I have been, during the last three months, undergoing a process of intellectual excitation. In my long illness I had compelled into hours of delight many a sleepless, painful hour of darkness by chasing down metaphysical game; and since then I have continued the hunt, till I found myself unaware at the root of Pure Mathematics—and up that tall, smooth tree, whose few poor branches are all at its very summit, am I climbing by pure adhesive strength of arms and thighs, still slipping down, still renewing my ascent. You would not know me! All sounds of similitude keep at such a distance from each other in my mind that I have forgotten how to make a rhyme. I look at the mountains (that visible God Almighty that looks in at all my windows)—I look at the mountains only for the curves of their outlines; the stars, as I behold them, form themselves into triangles; and my hands are scarred with scratches from a cat, whose back I was rubbing in the dark in order to see whether the sparks in it were refrangible by a prism. The poet is dead in me. My imagination (or rather the somewhat that had been imagination) lies like a cold snuff on the circular rim of a brass candlestick, without even a stink of tallow to remind you that it was once clothed and mitred with flame. That is past by! I was once a volume of gold-leaf, rising and riding on every breath of Fancy, but I have beaten myself back into weight and density, and now I sink in quicksilver, yea, remain squat and square on the earth, amid the hurricane that makes oaks and straws join in one dance, fifty yards high in the element."

"However, I will do what I can. Taste and feeling have I none, but what I have give I unto thee. But I repeat that I am unfit to decide on any but works of severe logic."

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

Mr. Paul has performed a difficult and delicate task with a good taste and judgment that are beyond all praise. The materials at his command might easily have been used in such a manner as to arouse endless controversy, and cause many heart-burnings, for Godwin was quick-tempered and hasty, and during his busy life of eighty years, was in almost constant collision with one or other of his numerous friends and acquaintances. While recognizing his obligation to be candid with his public, however, Mr. Paul has wisely refrained from raking among the ashes of old quarrels and scandals; and his book contains nothing to which reasonable exception can be taken even by the most susceptible. He has evidently tried to do justice both to the motive and actions of all concerned, and, though he feels a hearty admiration and respect for Godwin, his book is as free from panegyric as from detraction. Perhaps the most interesting chapters of the work are those which deal with Mary Wollstonecraft, and in going somewhat out of his way to tell the true story of that singular and

¹ William Godwin: His Friends and Contemporaries. By C. Kegan Paul. Two Volumes. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

melancholy life, Mr. Paul has done a real service to letters. Even in this case he is neither an advocate nor an apologist; but it is evident that he has taken a generous satisfaction in rescuing from the blight of ignorant detraction the name of an erring but noble woman.

The volumes contain excellent portraits of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, facsimiles of the handwriting of each, and pictures of Godwin's birthplace and of his grave.

FOR teachers and all interested in the theory of education "The True Order of Studies," by Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., formerly President of Harvard University (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons), will prove a most suggestive and valuable book. It deals systematically with the whole subject of education, both as a science and an art, laying out the plan of studies for "an ideal course of liberal education," and sketching in detail the methods by which the several studies composing it are to be pursued. The basis of Dr. Hill's system is a so-called "hierarchy of the sciences," which, as he says in his preface, was first perceived by him one night about the 1st of February, 1843, while attempting to answer a chance question, and which since that time has been propounded in various ways. This hierarchy is founded upon a subtle analysis of the relations of man to the universe and its Creator, and of the order in which he perceives those relations; but, translated into simple terms, it amounts to an argument that, in the true order of studies, geometry, arithmetic, and algebra must come first, as dealing with space and time, which are "the earliest objects of distinct intellectual action;" that these must be followed by physics, embracing three sciences, which manifestly stand related to each other in the order of mechanics, chemistry, and physiology; that these in turn must be followed by history, including political economy and social statics and dynamics as well as history in its ordinary sense; while the study of theology, or the relation of the universe to its Creator, fitsly crowns the edifice. "The fivefold division at which we have thus arrived," says Dr. Hill, "may be set forth in several other modes. The mode in which it first presented itself to me was this: God is the uncreated Creator; he has made us in his own image as inferior, created creators; we have made many uses of this world, and enacted quite a history upon it; the world itself is deserving of our study, independent of its uses to us; and we find it can exist and manifest itself to us only as it floats in space and endures in time. This gives the hierarchy in its descending order; but in education we need its guidance in the ascending order. In that order it agrees with the expanding powers of the child's mind and with the logical sequence and dependence of thoughts."

Such is the theoretical basis of Dr. Hill's system, and, whether or not it be implicitly accepted, its exposition occupies but a short space, and does not, we think, constitute the chief value of the book. The true test of a theory lies in its practical application, and it

is to this practical application that the author devotes the greater part of his attention. He takes the child at the moment when it begins to observe intelligently, and shows how each of its faculties may be guided and developed in the most natural and efficient manner, and he does this, not by mere rules and directions, but by examples and illustrations of what has been actually accomplished with children and schools, and of the methods by which it was accomplished. On the practical side, the correctness of Dr. Hill's views is self-evident, and there are few teachers or parents who could read his little treatise without profit.

AT intervals during the past ten or twelve years Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson, M. D., F. R. S., has written a series of essays on the diseases of over-worked men, and on the special diseases induced by certain occupations and by indulgence in the use of alcohol and tobacco, which attracted wide attention at the time they were published, among both professional men and the general public. These essays he has now collected together, and, supplementing them with others treating subjects of similar character and interest, reissues them in the form of a systematic treatise on "The Diseases of Modern Life" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.). The book is avowedly written for the study of intelligent laymen as well as for physicians; but it is addressed rather to those who would escape disease by understanding its nature and causes beforehand than to those in search of "treatment." "Avoiding every infringement on the art proper of curing disease, I have," says Dr. Richardson, "in these pages considered only the science of prevention, which many can understand, and which is a profitable science to all who condescend to learn it."

The topics which Dr. Richardson treats most fully, and which will prove most instructive to the general reader, are those which have already been mentioned—namely, the diseases induced by mental strain, by physical strain, by the use of alcohol, tobacco, and narcotics, and by certain occupations. Before reaching these, however, several chapters are devoted to an exposition of the elementary principles of physiology and of the origins, causes, and phenomena of disease, incidental and general, as well as induced and special. Those diseases which arise from foods, impurity of air, errors of dress, sloth and idleness, late hours and broken sleep, and imitation and moral contagion, are next discussed; and the volume concludes with a "Summary of Practical Applications." This latter is a unique feature—more comprehensive than a table of contents and more consecutive than an index—enabling the reader to avail himself practically of the information with which the treatise itself has supplied him without the usual uneasy apprehensions lest there be some error in his inferences. The independent uses which an index can subserve, however, are not forgotten, and an excellent analytical index fitsly closes one of the most praiseworthy and authoritative books of its kind that have ever been offered to the public.

THE weakest part of Mr. Samuel P. Long's "Art: Its Laws and the Reasons for them" (Boston: Lee & Shepard), is the introductory essay on the principles or standard of beauty; and it is so weak as to prejudice the reader unduly against what a fuller examination proves to be a highly useful and instructive book. The conclusions which Mr. Long reaches, indeed, are such as have received the adhesion of nearly all authoritative writers on art; no one now dissents from Winckelmann's affirmation that in the Venus de' Medici and the Apollo Belvedere we have an ideal standard of personal beauty; but the process of reasoning by which he attempts to establish them on a logical basis is strikingly inadequate and ineffective. Aside from the preliminary chapter, however, the book is excellent in plan and well-nigh faultless in execution. It makes no pretension to the discovery of any new principle or philosophy of art, but contents itself with the humbler though not less useful function of popularizing "the great leading ideas of art, divesting them of technical obscurities, and rendering them intelligible to others than practical artists." Mr. Long brings to his task what few previous workers in this field have possessed—namely, a competent practical knowledge of art. As a student of the English Royal Academy and a pupil of the late Gilbert Stuart Newton, R. A., he has received a thorough training in both the theory and *technique* of his subject; and no one without such training could have written the chapters on "Invention," "Composition," "Design, or Drawing," "Chiaro-oscuro," and "Color." He has also seen and studied for himself the great collections of Europe, and his expositions of principles are pointed by examples drawn from the great masterpieces of ancient and modern painting and sculpture. While, however, the value of the book is enhanced by the author's technical knowledge, its style and method are remarkably free from technicalities; and Mr. Long has measurably succeeded in producing the great desideratum of a treatise on art which should be comprehensive without being tedious, and popular without being superficial.

The volume is embellished (not merely illustrated) by four exquisite engravings by Joseph Andrews, and contains representations of the several orders of classic architecture, of the three styles of Gothic windows, and of Titian's bunch of grapes—the model suggested by that great master for the effective management of light and shade in painting.

THE publishers "particularly request" our opinion of "How to Write Letters," by J. Willis Westlake, A. M. (Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co.), and after examining it with some distrust we are prepared to say that it is the least objectionable book of the kind we have seen. No doubt it contains a good deal of apparently superfluous matter; but, as it is designed partly for use in schools, it is better, perhaps, to have the directions too precise than not precise enough, and there is at least none of the wretchedly silly stuff of which the "ready letter-writ-

ers" are usually composed. Mr. Westlake treats his subject seriously as well as systematically, and appears to have taken some pains to ascertain the best usage on such matters as cards, invitations, acceptances, and regrets, honorary and official titles, forms of address, etc. His remarks, or rather lessons, on orthography, punctuation, and the like, are judicious and practical; and his illustrations consist for the most part of extracts from the published correspondence of men of letters, which have the merit of introducing the young practitioner to really good specimens of the art. Among the other contents are a classified list of abbreviations, a list (with translations) of foreign words and phrases, postal information, and business forms; and there is hardly any one who would not find it convenient now and then to have the book at hand.

THE *Academy* has some sensible remarks on the relative qualities of prose and verse as applied to translations. It says: "The growing preference for prose translations of poetry is rather a questionable sign of the times; it suggests that scholars and those who would fain be scholars are getting, to put it plainly, more nice than wise. Anybody who can study a great foreign poet in his own language, and in some degree enjoy the study, knows that no translation can replace the original; that the effects of English metres are not like the effects of Greek, or German, or Italian metres; in fact, that translation is always more or less inadequate and unsatisfactory; but it does not follow from this that we are to suppose that because a translation into English verse falsifies to a certain extent the impression of Greek verse, therefore a translation into English prose by a competent scholar must render the impression faithfully so far as it renders it at all. Generally speaking, verse that is not translated into verse is translated into something that is neither verse nor prose, and, if by a rare good-fortune it is translated into articulate, harmonious prose, such prose has a finish and a method of its own which are more unlike the method and finish of the verse original than well-managed translated verse need be."

REVIEWING "Letters and Social Aims," the *Saturday Review* says: "There are people, we believe, who complain of Mr. Emerson's writing that it is fanciful and rambling, and does not teach one anything in particular. This comes of want of knowledge or want of understanding—of want of knowledge, inasmuch as such objects must be ignorant of the true nature of the essay, of the beginnings of essay-writing, and its proper place in literature; of want of understanding, inasmuch as they plainly cannot tell what is good for them. Historically speaking, such caprices as Mr. Emerson allows himself are more than abundantly justified by the example of the father of essays, whom he has avowedly taken for one of his favorite authors. Many writers have rambled well or ill in the last three centuries, but none has ever come near to the rambling of Montaigne. Mr. Emerson's flights and digressions are nothing to it, though in the general shaping and conduct of an essay he is less remote from that first exemplar than most modern writers."

THE *Record of the Year* is a new candidate in the way of a monthly periodical for public favor. The purpose of the publication is to give a diary of the events of each day in the month, interspersed with "a careful selection of the choicest miscellany." The publishers are

Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co., and the editor is Mr. Frank Moore, well known to the public as editor of the once highly popular and still useful *Rebellion Record*. The appearance of the magazine is handsome, and, if it seems to have too much of a scrap-book character, it is to be remembered that this is just the purpose of the editor; the idea being, after giving a permanent record of current events, to catch and preserve the fleeting, entertaining, useful literary waifs in the journals that otherwise would pass away and no man know them more.

THE *Aquatic Monthly and Nautical Review* is a monthly publication that commends itself not only to the class specially interested in its topics, but the general reading public may find in its pages matters of interest. It is "devoted to the interests of the yachting and rowing community," a class the number of which should increase, and we hope that this monthly will serve to awaken the interest of many people in two most health-giving and delightful pursuits. It is edited by Mr. Charles Peverelly, and published by A. Brentano, of Union Square, New York.

The Arts.

MR. SWAIN GIFFORD has nearly completed a large and very charming Eastern picture in oils, which will form part of his contribution to the Centennial. The picture consists of an Arab fountain and a tomb. It has always been a custom of the East that, before a rich man dies, he constructs his last resting-place in some open field or barren waste-land. Here he lavishes his love of ostentatious display in domes and minarets, arabesques and colors. Beside this tomb, and so near it as to form a portion of its imposing structure, he builds a fountain, that pilgrims and travelers resting beside its waters may bless the one who gives them such repose and refreshment. From the trickling and the spilling of the waters of the fountain, grass and shrubs spring up, and palm-trees at length blossom in the spot where before had been only a desert.

Such a point as this Mr. Gifford has selected, when the eye wanders weary beyond it, across long reaches of dry land, and across a drier heaven, in whose blue hang thousands of sparkling points of sand that choke and stiffen the wayfarer. The tomb itself shows a large dome, and upon its long, yellow side tiled arabesques of rich dyes are seen soft in the sunlight. Stretching up into the blue heavens, a pair of palm-trees spread their broad leaves like half-closed fans, and below them is the cool stone basin of the fountain. Arabs with their camels have come here to drink, and men in purple burnoose and scarlet head-dress bend over the fountain or rest beneath the palms.

Mr. Gifford's color is always fine, and the great richness and body of it which he masses in his pictures is never better seen than when one of these paintings hangs with neighbors from the easels of other artists, which, positive as they themselves may be, can never subtract from the value of these. "The Old Arab Fountain" is no exception to this rule, and, when the visitor to his studio looks at the stuff which Mr. Gifford has massed upon his wall, he sees colors hung over each other and side by side, of sky-blue, and of the buff of the tomb, and its pink and purple painting; the brown dresses of the Moslems, or their striped cloaks, are also here; and, finally, such a wealth of rich sienna, and deep bronze lines resembling the color of the palm-trees, that, added to his vivid sketches, leave no cause to wonder that Mr. Gifford paints into his pictures the very heat and richness of the

Orient, with memories warmed by such an inspiring reminiscence.

Mr. Gifford will also send to Philadelphia his painting, which is somewhat known to the public, of a famous tomb just outside the gates of Cairo. This picture is taken at evening, and the silhouette of the tomb, and of the minarets that guard its dome on either hand, is outlined against a pale evening sky. The last rays of sunset light with faint glow the wall and the abutments of the structure, while in the gray foreground straggling figures of men struggle across the sand. The sentiment of the picture is a sombre one, and, independent of the objects which compose it, excite in the mind an emotion of gentle melancholy that has in it no suggestion of pain.

THE Art-Students' League, which was formed last summer chiefly by pupils of the Academy School, is drawing near the end of its first season. The league was got up to fill the need caused by the partial suspension of life-study at the Academy, and it has been very useful and successful. Occupying two large rooms over Weber's pianoforte establishment, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixteenth Street, it now numbers about seventy-five active, paying members. The classes consist chiefly of three sessions a day of study from life—three hours every day in the week but Sunday for each class. Two of these are for men and one for women. The whole direction of the league is under the care of Professor Wilmarth, and to him the classes are indebted for their instruction. Besides this study from the live model, a portrait class is in operation in oil-colors, and a great many of the members belong to a class who make rapid sketches an hour each day of members of the class who pose in peasant-costume as Quakers, sewing-women, and other characters, and in historical costumes. Classes in pictorial composition also form a feature of the league, and lectures and talks in art frequently take place. So popular has this club become that its officers have engaged the rooms for another year, and, besides paying a heavy rent for them and for models, are now in a condition to give Mr. Wilmarth at least a partial salary. The league forms an excellent supplement to the instruction of American art-schools, and gives one of the best opportunities in the world for continuous and elaborate study from the life.

It seems a great pity that the Academy should have felt obliged to relinquish so important and highly-esteemed an arm of its power and its popularity as its great and flourishing school, but in this adverse event in the life of its art-students we are glad there have been force and energy sufficient among them to induce them to organize for severe and steady work in the line of the profession of their choice, and, since the Academy has failed to sustain a large art-school, we trust that this beginning of the league may be the foundation of one high in its aims and powerful as a branch of advanced culture.

From Abroad.

PARIS, March 7, 1876.

WE must have our little excitements over here. No sooner have we gotten over the turmoil of the elections than a hardly less interesting question to the Parisian mind comes up—permost, and that is the threatened dissolution of the Opéra Comique. For that time-honored institution is menaced with speedy extinction. In the first place, the government has largely reduced the usual subvention during the past few

years; secondly, the same musical decadence that extinguished the Théâtre Lyrique, and has not spared the Grand Opéra, weighs heavily on the company and the *répertoire*. There are but few voices in the first, and very few attractive new works in the second. The days when the troupe numbered such artists as Bataille, Mockler, Caroline Duprez, and Mademoiselle Lefene; when Auber wrote the "Premier Jour de Bonheur," and Meyerbeer his "Étoile du Nord," expressly for that establishment; or those when Capoul lent the sweetness of his delicate tenor, and Montjauze the freshness of his powerful one, to the interpretation of "Lallah Rookh," "L'Om-bre," and other kindred works—are past and gone. And, if the truth must be told, the present troupe is very, very poor. Apart from Galli Marié, and the barytone Melchissedec (and the latter, by-the-by, is about to leave the French stage for the Italian opera), the voices are as weak as those of new-born canary-birds. And after one has heard "Mignon" with Nilsson, and "Dinorah" with Patti, at the Italian Opera, either in London or St. Petersburg, the very feeble rendition of such works on the boards of the Opéra Comique is actually intolerable. The fact is, that this venerable institution is, to use an American vulgarism, "played out." Its *répertoire* is old-fashioned, and its minor works are stupid. It has no longer the power to attract into the ranks of its company the rising young singers of the day. Weak-voiced prettiness and piquancy fly to the Opéra Bouffe, while any touch of vocal and dramatic power leads their possessor straightway to the Grand Opéra. So, between the two stools, the Opéra Comique threatens to come to the ground. If it definitely gives up the ghost, "killed by the Opéra Bouffe" might be inscribed above its tomb.

Next week an interesting *début* is promised at the Grand Opéra, namely, that of Mademoiselle Fechter, the daughter of the celebrated actor. She is to appear as *Mathilde* in "William Tell," from which we infer that her voice is a light soprano. Of course, we are told that the manager has founded most brilliant expectations on the future career of the young prima donna—that phrase has become traditional.

One of the few remaining literary *salons* of Paris has just been closed by the death of the gifted lady who presided over it—Marie de Flavigny, Countess d'Agoult, well known in the world of Parisian literature under the *nom de plume* of Daniel Stern. Her principal work, a "History of the Revolution of 1848," remains one of the most powerful and interesting records of that agitated yet interesting period. Her "Lettres Républicaines," published in the *Courrier Français*, were distinguished by the union of virile force with feminine acuteness of observation. Among her purely literary works may be cited "Dante and Goethe," "Three Days in the Life of Mary Stuart," and a volume of biographical sketches. Her chief celebrity was, however, won by her political writings. She was a Protestant, though a member of one of the oldest families of France. She was sixty-two years of age, and her death was caused by a sudden attack of pneumonia. She enjoyed the doubtful honor of numbering George Sand among her intimate friends.

And, *à propos* of George Sand, I have recently heard several anecdotes respecting that famous personage. She seems, from all that I have heard about her, to have had two sides to her nature, the one purely and loftily intellectual, and the other wholly bestial. The one drew her toward such men as Chopin and De Musset, those most renowned of her many lovers; the other drove her into such vile excesses as would have shamed a Messalina. Recently a gentleman of foreign extraction, who speaks no French, in

looking over the papers of his deceased father, came across a large packet of letters addressed long years ago to the defunct by George Sand. Curious as to their possible literary value, but unable from his own ignorance of French to master their contents, he took them for perusal to a French lady of high artistic and literary standing, requesting her to read them carefully and to give him her opinion of them. When she returned them to him her comment was: "Had I for one instant imagined that you knew what these letters contained, and with that knowledge had placed them in my hands, I never would have spoken to you again. Written by an avowed libertine to one of his companions in debauchery, they would still be atrocious, but, written by a woman to a man who was merely her friend, they are beyond measure revolting." These letters were written long years ago during the heyday of the career of their authoress, most of them dating from the period of her *liaison* with Chopin. The lady who perused them, and who narrated to me the whole circumstance, went on to say that she had advised their present possessor to destroy them at once, but that he had declined doing so. "Possibly after the death of George Sand," she added, "they may be published, and if so they will form a strange chapter in the history of moral and literary abominations."

I am told that George Sand and Victor Hugo are not acquainted with each other. Once, when the lady was at the very pinnacle of her literary fame, as well as in full possession of youth and beauty, she was presented to the great poet, but he, failing to catch the name, or possibly confounding her with some other Madame Dudevant, only addressed to her the most frivolous of social formalities. Deeming herself affronted, the lady abruptly broke off the conversation and quitted the room, and, when Victor Hugo learned who the handsome woman with whom he had been talking really was, it was too late to make atonement for his mistake. Since his return to Paris he has frequently invited her to his house (he never pays visits himself), but she contents herself with sending him complimentary messages, and refuses to come. It is whispered that, having been used to holding the first place in any circle in which she has found herself, she is not desirous of coming in contact with a vaster genius and more widely-spread renown than her own.

Victor Tissot has just issued the second series of his "Voyage au Pays des Millions" under the title of "The Prussians in Germany." The first division of the work has already reached its twenty-fourth edition. From the new volume we will cite a few passages relating to that most romantic of living monarchs, King Louis of Bavaria. An entire chapter is devoted to a description of the six castles owned by the *roi-troubadour*, beginning with the two palaces at Munich. If half the freaks and follies related therein are true, his majesty must certainly have a bee in his bonnet of most uncommon dimensions, but, as the writer is a Frenchman telling about Germany, his statements are, of course, to be taken with a grain of salt. One of the six castles is thus described:

"The castle of Hohenschwangau is picturesquely perched upon a rocky peak. All around rise lofty mountains covered with gloomy forests of pine, and at the foot of the rock there is a romantic lake peopled with swans. The king harnesses these swans to a gilded bark shaped like a shell, and is drawn over the surface of the water, while a band of singers, grouped upon the bank, execute fragments of 'Lohengrin,' and the moon illuminates with its pale beams the fantastic march of stuffed stags, which are moved by means of internal mechanism."

"At the time of the last eruption of Vesuvius the king became envious, and wanted to have one,

too. He summoned to Hohenschwangau the two professors of geology of the university, and ordered them to get him up a volcano. They set to work at once. A mountain was hollowed out, and the hole was filled with powder, sulphur, coal, and petroleum. The sight was magnificent. The fire-engines were brought thither from miles around. It was thought that the royal castle had been mined by the Prussians, and had been blown up."

"The king also wanted tempests on the lake of Hohenschwangau. An enormous machine has been constructed, provided with prodigious wheels, which raise great waves with a terrible noise."

"Whether he inhabit his castle of Berg, of Lindenhof, or of Munich, there are two things that are indispensable to his comfort—his piano and his moonlight. Without a piano the day would seem to him a century long, and without moonlight it is impossible for him to sleep. When Providence refuses to light for him the celestial lamp, he is forced to have recourse to a fabricated moonlight. A special apparatus for producing the electric light has been installed in each of the royal bedchambers. At Munich the ceiling is pierced with a thousand minute holes, behind which are placed gas-jets. That represents very fairly a starry sky. While traveling, the king makes use of an economical and portable moon, which can be hung up like an astral lamp."

"This strange character—this soul of a child in the body of a man, this king born to reign over a nation of poets and musicians—is not suited to our century of soldiers and of brute-force. Louis II. would have been a charming sovereign in the days of the minnesingers and of dreamy *châtelaines*; to-day no one understands him; he seems to belong to a legend and not to history. He who is seated upon a throne has no right to use it as a piano-stool, for if Orpheus himself were to return to earth he would not take up a lyre, but a gun with all the modern improvements."

Here is an anecdote relating to the king's sojourn at his royal Château de Berg:

"Under penalty of fine and arrest, it is forbidden to any one to enter the paths reserved for the king. One day his majesty met, face to face, a stout young fellow who was promenading there very unceremoniously. The king stopped him and asked him who he was."

"I am from Switzerland," he answered, "and I am a student at the Munich University."

"Ah! you are a Swiss?" said the king, with a kindly air. "You ought to know Schiller's 'William Tell' by heart."

"I could recite to you whole acts of it!"

"Admirable! I am charmed to have met you. Come to the castle with me, and we will play 'William Tell!'"

"But, sir, the castle belongs to the king!"

"No matter! I am his most intimate friend. Come, you will see that we shall be permitted to enter."

"Let us try then, sir, since you desire to do so."

"They set out together."

"Do you like Munich?"

"No; it is a stupid city, and the best proof of that is the king is never there."

"And what do they say of the king?"

"Oh! they say that he is a right good fellow at heart."

"Louis II. could not help smiling."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Never! I am a republican, sir; but I am told that he is very handsome, and that the women are wild about him."

"Would you like to dine with him?"

"You are making game of me, are you not?"

"Not at all—since I invite you myself."

"Since—then, sir—oh, pardon—perhaps you are the king?"

"You are right, and you are my prisoner!"

"They had reached the château, and the sentinels presented arms."

"After dinner the king seated himself at his piano, and played the overture to 'William Tell'; he then caused the student to declaim the whole of Schiller's drama."

"The next day they began again. The king gave the replies on that occasion. At the end of the third day he sent his guest, in one of the royal carriages, back to Munich, and forwarded to him, shortly after, a gold watch with the scene of the Grütli engraved upon its case."

LUCY H. HOOPER.

Science.

THE RUSSIAN CYCLADS.

THE "three wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl," and whose foolhardy feat is so tersely recorded in our standard nursery classic, must at last share their laurels with a crew of modern sailors. If the new Russian cyclads are not bowls, they certainly look like them, and if Admiral Popoff be wiser than the Gotham seers he has still to establish that claim. It is true that the description of these new ships is obtained from English journals, and hence may not be wholly unprejudiced, yet, as the accompanying illustrations indicate the form of a vessel actually constructed and afloat, our readers may judge for themselves regarding its probable value and seaworthiness. In order to forestall too hasty a judgment regarding these cyclads, it should be remarked that they are designed for coast-defense mainly, and also that the coast which they are appointed to guard is of a peculiar geographical character. These Russian waters are described as made up of tideless seas not of any very great extent, nor influenced by powerful oceanic currents, having vast areas of extremely shallow water, seldom two fathoms in depth, along the southern shores, which latter from their nature offer few opportunities for the establishment of shore-

termed a bird's-eye view of the vessel, while Fig. 2 is a side view. As the success of these ships may result in a more general adoption of the model upon which they are built by other maritime nations, a description of them will prove of present interest and possible value for future reference.

The diameter—that is, the distance across

cyclads shall be able to resist attacks when made upon them; hence the vessel is protected on its circumference with an iron armor eleven inches in thickness, while the deck is protected by two-and-one-half-inch plates. As the cyclads were constructed for special service in waters and along coasts having characteristic peculiarities, it would

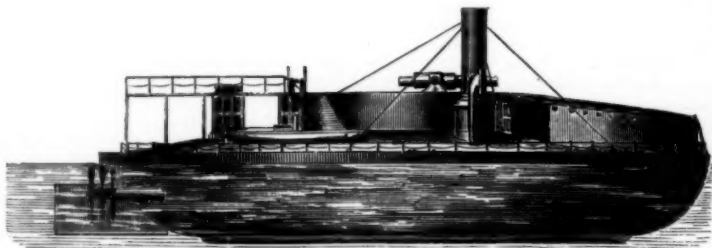


Fig. 2.

the deck—is one hundred and one feet, and the draught thirteen feet. When loaded, the free board has a height of one foot and six inches, and the nominal horse-power is four hundred and eighty. The armament consists of two rifled twenty-one-ton guns, which are mounted in a central circular breast-work. The power is applied through six screws, three on either side of the rudder, and so adjusted as to aid in steering as well as

be vain to condemn them on general principles. Slow and cumbersome they must certainly be, yet, as bearers of a heavy armament while being of light draught, it is not difficult to conceive of conditions which might render them formidable guardians of a nation's peace.

THE ARTIFICIAL COLORING OF FLOWERS.

THE attention of our readers was recently directed to several ingenious methods by which gardeners and florists are enabled to change the color of flowers. In these instances the processes employed might be defined as natural ones; that is, the change in the color of the flower was the result of the assimilation, by natural processes, of substances placed in the soil. Of a similar character, also, are those results obtained by means of the artificial transfer of pollen. In addition to these processes for changing the color of flowers, and which require the hand and wisdom of an expert, are others in which the change is accomplished by the direct application to the flower of certain chemical reagents, either liquid or gaseous. The accomplishment of this constitutes an instructive and interesting drawing-room experiment, and the means by which it may be effected are simple enough to justify the attempt to apply them. In the case of liquids the following receipt may be readily compounded: To the contents of a tumbler or shallow dish containing a given amount of common sulphuric ether add one-tenth its volume of ammonia. Now, if into this solution we dip any violet, red, or pink flowers, such as violets, geraniums, roses, heliotropes, etc., they will instantly change to a decided green. As the result of experiment, we advise the reader to be watchful not to allow the flower to remain in the liquid a longer time than is required to effect the change. They should then be removed, and at once dipped in water, so as to wash off any of the liquid still clinging to them. The change in color effected by this means varies with that of the flower immersed, and where

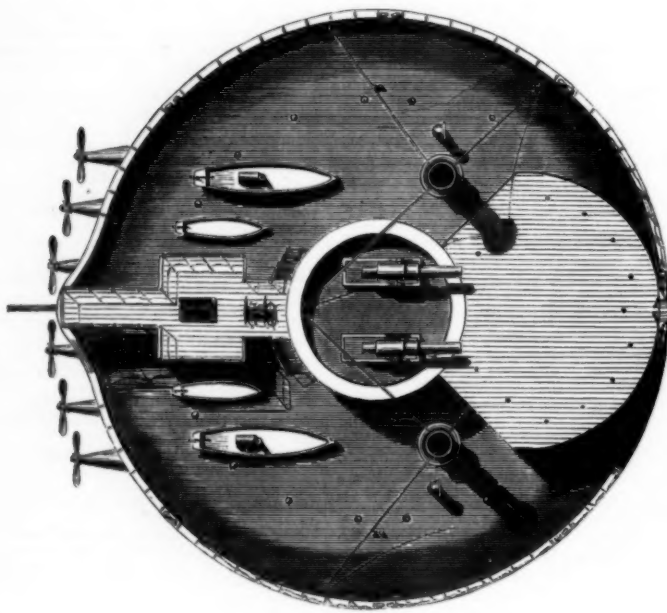


Fig. 1.

batteries. Taking these facts into consideration, it is possible to conceive how a light-draught floating-battery could be made to render efficient service.

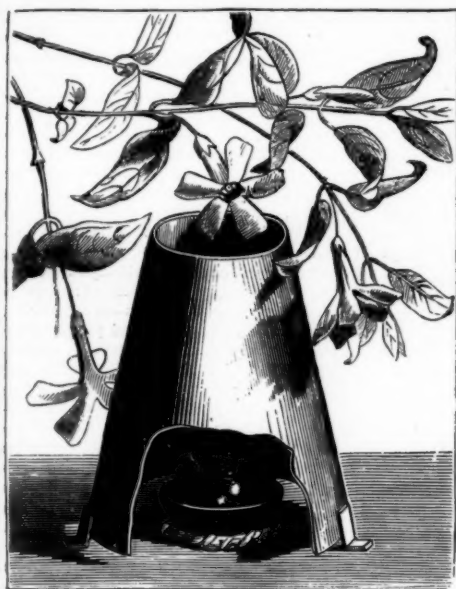
The accompanying engravings will serve to convey a just idea of the form of the Russian cyclad Novgorod, its armament, and means of propulsion. Fig. 1 might be

propelling the craft. From their very form it is evident that these vessels are not designed either to act as rams or to assume the offensive in any active operations.

So clearly are the special features of these ships set forth in the illustrations that extended technical description is not demanded. The projectors evidently mean that the

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the petals are party-colored, corresponding changes are made. It is said that the rose geranium becomes blue in a remarkable



manner, the valerian gray, the red coxcomb, dark violet; yellow flowers are not changed.

When it is desired to submit the flowers simply to the action of gases, such as vapors of ammonia or sulphurous-acid gas, a device is employed similar to that here illustrated. It consists of a simple metallic or paper truncated cone, the purpose of which is to confine the vapor, so that it shall only emerge from the opening above, over which the flowers are held as here indicated. When the agent used is sulphurous acid it may be obtained by melting and igniting sulphur in a dish which is placed in the position here shown. The effect of this gas is to bleach or whiten, and its action is immediate. By its aid most of the brilliantly-colored flowers are made instantly white. Results somewhat similar to those obtained by the ammonia and ether mixture may be effected by the aid of ammonia vapors alone. In order to obtain this vapor, liquid ammonia need only be poured into a flat dish or saucer which is placed under the cone, the natural evaporation being sufficient. Flowers placed in contact with this gas undergo certain remarkable changes—purple, violet, and blue become green, white flowers yellow, and carmine-red black. When the natural flower is variegated the changes are especially marked, as in case of the mixed white-and-red fuchsias. As in the former instance, the flowers, when once changed, should be plunged in pure water. It may be remarked, however, that, in most instances, these changes are not permanent, the original color returning after the lapse of three or four hours. This restoration to the original color may be sometimes rendered immediate by the action of hydrochloric acid, while in other cases the change effected by the ammonia is a perma-

nent one. Violet-colored asters, when moistened with dilute nitric acid, become red, and when submitted to the action of hydrochloric-acid vapors for six hours change to a rich carmine color.

Another result accomplished by this ammonia treatment is even more interesting to the student than these changes of color. We refer to the acquisition of an odor by the flower so treated. As an instance, we learn that to asters having no original odor an exceedingly agreeable one may be imparted by aid of ammonia vapors. Enough has been already written to indicate the interest which attaches itself to these and kindred experiments, and, as the apparatus is one readily devised, the amateur will find the field an inviting and fruitful one.

THE record of Sir John Lubbock's observations on ants and bees constitutes a most interesting chapter in the annals of natural history research. On several previous occasions we have presented condensed reviews of these

observations, the results of which were briefly to the effect that, in the matter of communication the one with the other, the ant is more intelligent than the bee—that is, that while certain facts indicate that ants are able to communicate to their fellows the location and nature of a newly-discovered food-supply, bees, either from lack of power or inclination, keep such secrets to themselves. The tests instituted with a view to determine whether bees were able to distinguish between colors have also been laid before our readers; hence we will pass on to the review of observations as given in the last paper on this subject, and published in the *Journal of the Linnean Society*. From its very nature the record is mainly an account of experimental tests and observations, conducted in order to reach certain definite conclusions; and from this record we condense as follows: The early portions of this paper are devoted to the habits of bees, and, unless these later observations be sadly at fault, the bee has been a greatly underrated member of the insect fraternity. Having become convinced that bees were sadly lacking in intellectual qualities, Sir John Lubbock determined to test their emotional natures; in a word, having proved them thoughtless, shall they be regarded as heartless also? The following instances will serve to indicate the author's views on this latter point: "I have already mentioned," he states, "with reference to the attachment which bees have been said to show for one another, that, though I have repeatedly seen them lick a bee which had smeared herself in honey, I never observed them show the slightest attention to any of their comrades who had been drowned in water." The conclusion drawn from this is, that the licking of the body of their comrade was prompted by a desire to procure the sweets with which he was smeared rather than from any sympathy with him in his perilous or uncomfortable state. This evidence of a lack of sympathy for each other was confirmed in several other cases. Having once crushed a bee so close to one that was feeding that their wings nearly touched, the survivor took

no notice whatever of the death of her sister, but went on feeding, with every appearance of composure and enjoyment, just as if nothing had happened. When the pressure was removed, she remained by the side of the corpse without the slightest appearance of apprehension, sorrow, or recognition. It was, of course, impossible for her to understand the reason for killing her companion; yet neither did she feel the slightest emotion at her sister's death, nor did she show any alarm lest the same fate should befall her also. This test was repeated with like results, and was also varied, as in the instance where one bee was held by the leg close to a comrade who was feeding. The prisoner struggled to escape and buzzed loudly, yet "the selfish eater took no notice whatever." Hence the conclusion that, so far from being at all affectionate, it is doubtful whether bees are in the least fond of one another.

The devotion of bees to their queen having been frequently quoted and signalized as a most characteristic trait, Sir John determined to put it to the following practical test: Being anxious to change a black queen for a Ligurian, the substitution was made, the queen thus forced to abdicate being placed with some workers in a box containing some comb. After a suitable interval the box was examined, when it was found that all the bees had deserted the poor queen, who seemed weak, helpless, and miserable. She was then removed to an adjacent window-sill, upon which honey had been placed to attract her former subjects. Here, though placed so near the honey that several of the workers on alighting even touched her once royal person, yet not one took the slightest notice of her. That their former signs of affection were prompted by a regard for the office she held, was proved by the fact that when this same queen was again placed in the hive, and thus reinstated, she immediately became the sole object of attention just as in former days. As Sir John in this paper appears as a simple recorder of facts, he fails to point a moral, which in the light of human history might suggest itself to some cynical or misanthropic reader.

Passing from these tests of character, if they may be so styled, we come to the record of farther experiments relating to the nature of the bee's physical senses. Having demonstrated that bees can recognize colors, it appears equally certain that they can distinguish scents. For instance, on one occasion a few drops of eau de Cologne were put at the entrance of the hive, and immediately about fifteen bees came out to see what was the matter. The same effect was produced by rose-water, though it was observed that after a few days hardly any notice of the scent was taken. This particular sensitiveness to novel odors was made to render service in determining whether the same bees always act as sentinels, and an affirmative result obtained.

With these facts regarding the bee's sense of smell before him, the writer returns to the question of intelligence, upon which he believes these latter facts throw some further light. We are told that the bees of one hive all know one another, and immediately recognize and attack any intruder from another hive. That this indicates superior intelligence is questioned by this observer, since he believes it possible that the bees of particular hives have a particular smell, and is therefore of the opinion that if colonies are sprinkled with scented sirup they may generally be safely mixed. Moreover, a bee returning to its own hive with a load of treasure is a very different creature from a hungry marauder; and it is said that a bee, if it be laden with honey, is allowed to enter any hive with impunity.

Having thus made a strong case against the intelligence and affection of the bee, there yet re-

mains one point to be established to effect its utter debasement. Prove that the bee is not fond of work, and you rob him of his last claim to man's kindly favor. This point Sir John does not boldly assert, but the tendency of his argument is in this direction. Though their extreme eagerness for honey should possibly be attributed to an anxiety for the common weal rather than to greediness or desire for personal gratification, yet there are certain signs that point toward the latter as the ruling motives. "I have seen," says a leading authority on bee-culture, "thousands of bees strained out from the sirup in which they had perished; thousands more alighting even upon the boiling sweets; the floor covered and the windows darkened with bees, some crawling, others flying, and others still so completely besmeared as to be able neither to crawl nor fly, not one in ten able to carry home its ill-gotten spoils."

If the author of these papers intends to qualify these wholesale condemnations, he must be holding back the defense for some future purpose, since the present record, so far as it relates to bees, closes with the statement that, "if bees are to be credited with any moral feelings at all, I fear the experience of all bee-keepers shows that they have no conscientious scruples about robbing their weaker brethren." Having devoted so extended a space to the bees and their behavior, we will defer the review of the second section—that relating to ants—until the coming week, when will be presented the equally interesting history of Sir John Lubbock's observation in this quarter.

In a recent letter to the *Academy*, Mr. G. J. Chester reports an Egyptian discovery that will prove of interest to both naturalists and archaeologists. It appears that some Arabs, while digging among the ruins in the great temple of Karnac for the dust with which at this season of the year they manure their land, came upon a cist of sandstone, which they unfortunately broke. Inside this cist was found a superb figure of a female hippopotamus, carved in green basalt, standing upright in the usual conventional manner, and carrying on either side an emblem or symbol. As the Egyptian authorities not only decline to reward those who may make such discoveries, but, when detected, punish them and confiscate the treasure, these Arabs promptly removed and concealed the image. The jealousy of one of their number, however, resulted in a revelation of the hiding-place, and the governor of Luxor went by night with soldiers and seized the coveted treasure. The figure was removed and handed over to Mariette Bey, who chanced to be at Luxor in his steamer. The letter describes the monument, including the slab on which it stands, as being about three feet high, and being carved with admirable precision, and highly polished throughout. A long inscription in hieroglyphics runs down the back, and another is inscribed at the base in front of the figure. The hindmost inscription is the best executed, but both are far inferior in execution when compared with the statue itself, which is in the finest style of art, and even superior to the celebrated green-basalt cow of the same epoch in the museum of Boulak. The inscriptions contain the names of Psammetichus I. and his queen and daughter, and on the ovals on the sandstone cist already mentioned there is, in addition, the name of a king hitherto unknown.

THE end of the first year's absence of the English Arctic Expedition is approaching, and those interested in the safety as well as success of the explorers have instituted measures for opening communication with the absent ones. Of course it is not expected that any direct communication can be had, since the explorers are be-

yond the reach of this. According to a prearranged purpose, however, it may be possible to obtain from points already indicated any documents that the party may have left at them to be sent back. With the view of obtaining these, and rendering such further aid as may be possible, we learn from *Nature* that Mr. Ward Hunt stated recently in the House of Commons that Captain Nares will send a sledge-party down to the entrance of Smith's Sound in the spring of this year, if possible, with dispatches, for the chance of a ship from England calling there. The admiralty have arranged with Mr. Allen Young, who is contemplating a voyage to the arctic regions this year in his yacht, to look for cairns in which such dispatches might be deposited, and he has, with great public spirit, consented to make this the primary object of his voyage, undertaking to bring home any such dispatches, unless he can find means for sending them to England otherwise.

THE organization of meteorological observatories, or signal-service bureaus, is rapidly progressing; Mr. Blandford's scheme for an Indian Meteorological Department having been sanctioned by the proper authorities. In accordance with this plan, a new, first-class observatory will be established at Calcutta; the observatories now at Allahabad and Lahore will be raised to first class, while those at Bombay and Madras will remain independent, under the same management as at present. There will be twenty-one second-class observatories, at which hourly observations will be recorded on certain days only, and two sets on other days. At the seventy third-class observatories two sets of observations will be recorded daily. It will thus be seen that the projectors of this scheme have determined that it shall be complete and comprehensive. The post of reporter-general for India will be filled by Mr. H. F. Blandford, whose duty it will be to compare and "discuss" all registers.

Miscellanea.

WE have from a contributor some good hints on "In-Door Flower-Culture:"

The increase of the culture of flowers among the people, rich and poor, all over the civilized world, is a very significant fact. It is not only an indication of the growth of refinement, but it is a blessed sign that the gentler virtues are gaining empire in the heart over the savage passions that have generally ruled the fate of nations and of individuals. In the gardens of the homes of Europeans in Africa, in Australia, in India, and all the islands of the southern seas, the violet, the myosotis, and many other favorite European flowers, have been transplanted, and there they flourish side by side with the native flowers of those lands which we import and cultivate here and in Europe with such tender care.

Women have always been the lovers and the saviors of flowers. Even around the rude log-cabins of our pioneer forefathers in this country, at least the flaring hollyhock, the gorgeous marigold, and the hardy cinnamon-rose, have always been found disputing the possession of the soil with the sage and thyme destined for the flavoring of gravies and sausages. The old argument of boorish, utilitarian farmers, that flowers were utterly useless because they added nothing to the supply of food and clothing, never yet convinced any woman—not even those best competent to reason in logical terms. Woman feels the divine influence of flowers; therefore she knows that they are good. After all, what artificial logic is better than this? With jealous care she has al-

ways gathered and preserved her scanty store of seeds and bulbs, and shared both generously with any neighbor who had none. Women all over the country write each other about the flowers they cultivate, and exchange plants by mail from California to Maine. The florists have taught them the art of binding the roots up tightly in wet moss, so that they may be kept moist during many days.

A few years ago conservatories were considered a luxury beyond the reach of all save the wealthy; but, since the introduction of furnace-heaters and base-burners, or other stoves that keep their fires all winter, flower-rooms of some sort have become almost a necessity with people of culture, and they are becoming common even in families of small incomes. A small conservatory is not an expensive luxury, or need not be, by any means. One ten feet wide by twelve deep will hold two hundred plants without any crowding, including two or three trees—as an oleander, an abutilon, and an orange—and yet have room enough to move about, though possibly not very freely, without hitting the head upon hanging baskets. It should open wide from the dining or sitting room, where a fire is kept going constantly, the end facing southward and set with double sashes in winter. One wide sash in the roof is sufficient for "top-light." The inside walls should be finished in wood, and varnished or painted; and then, if the floor is of southern or "fat" pine, and waxed or oiled, the plants can be watered freely without injury to anything. After sprinkling, and when the plants and hanging baskets have done dripping, the water on the floor can be quickly and easily removed by a large sponge fastened, by means of a movable ring, upon a cleft stick. Such a room, if the mercury can be kept at night from falling below 40° Fahr., may be a delightful bower of green foliage, with flowers of the hardier kind, such as geraniums, carnations, chrysanthemums, calla-lilies, orange and lemon blossoms, occasionally a rose, some of the jasmine family, and many others. A conservatory like this, tended by the young people of the family, will give far more real satisfaction than the ordinary expensive hot-house, managed by a hired florist; besides, it will afford them a moral and intellectual culture not to be obtained from the mere presence of cut flowers. Flowers do not dispense their blessings upon those who merely look at them and exclaim, "Lovely!" "Magnificent!" but upon those who study their needs and answer them with loving hands.

For those who cannot afford even the simple conservatory here described, a bay-window, or even a common south-window with a double sash for winter, and furnished with a wide shelf, side-brackets, and hanging baskets, will answer very well, and, indeed, is an excellent preparation for more extended floriculture. For the centre of such a window a large, wire hanging basket, lined with moss and holding several plants, upright and drooping, is a most beautiful object. For the centre of such a basket there is perhaps no plant so effective as the crimson-leaved *Dracena terminalis*, and for the drooping foliage there are many lovely grasses, trailing mosses and the common, hardy Kenilworth ivy, German ivy, sweet alyssum, etc. For small hanging baskets there is nothing more quaint and pretty than cocoanut-shells. These should be sawed off at the end opposite the "monkey's face," the meat dug out, having the germinating hole open for draining, and three holes bored near the top for small brass wire to suspend by. Plants seem to love these cocoanut-shells, and think it "fun" to grow in them. One can be filled with the musk-plant; another with ivy or some of the pretty ivy-geraniums. Kenilworth ivy will in a short time completely cover one of

these shells, and make a long trailing curtain all around it two feet or more in length. It is better to choose hardy plants at first and those that flourish with little care; afterward there will be more chance of success with the more tender sorts.

With regard to the cultivation of house-plants, it must be confessed that many people are exceedingly stupid about learning the few simple, necessary rules which florists and others are continually repeating. The following are the most important: 1. Every plant must have a season of rest, and during this period it should be watered very sparingly (more house-plants perish by excess of water than by any other cause). 2. Give plenty of sun and water to plants in flower or when growing new leaves. 3. Warmth and light and water must be kept in proportion; the less there is of one of these the less of the others will be required (plants will perish in a warm cellar for want of light, where they would live and recuperate in a cool one). 4. When a plant becomes infested with the red spider, throw it away or learn at once how to deal with it.

Most of the parasites infecting plants can be killed, or kept well in check, by washing them with a brush dipped in weak carbolic soapsuds. The red spider is the worst enemy of house-plants. It cannot be detected by naked eyes unless they are sharp ones. It specially likes roses, carnations, verbenas, violets, and passion-flowers. The best way is to put aside the plants affected, remove some of the leaves and tender shoots, brush thoroughly with strong carbolic soapsuds, leave them about an hour, and then hold under a faucet and wash off the suds. Repeat this three days, not watering the soil during the treatment. Then water, if dry, and put back in the sun. "Eternal vigilance" is the price of fine house-plants.

MARIE HOWLAND.

THE London *World* distinguishes between "old maids" and "old girls," and draws a picture of the latter class:

We do not mean "old maids"—they are altogether a distinct and different class. Even "old girls," as we understand the term, have altered strangely during the last few years, and, owing to peculiarities in the temper of the times, enter upon the state far earlier than they were wont to do. Formerly a young lady began to enter on the stage of old-girlhood somewhere about five-and-twenty, more especially if she were possessed of younger sisters anxious for a clear stage and no home competition. It was gently intimated to her by "mamma" that really she must not expect now to go to balls; she had had her "opportunities," and had failed to make anything of them; and justice to Emmeline and Louisa demanded that they should now have their turn. Emmeline and Louisa themselves were fully of this opinion, and, with the cruel thoughtlessness of youth, made remarks on their elder sister's age very painful to that damsel to hear. She could not resist; yet it did seem very hard, while feeling as capable of enjoyment as ever, to find herself rudely put aside, and to be allowed only the dulllest dinners and the drums, when there was nowhere "to go on." Her glass very probably did not tell her that she had lost any of the charms which she possessed, though her sisters were apt to assert that she "had quite lost her looks," and her mother to remark fretfully that she was distressingly thin, and had better adopt demi-toilet entirely. In the days of which we write, this was by no means the universal fashion it has since become, and was regarded as a tacit acknowledgment of advancing years.

Forced thus against her will into the relinquishment of the pleasures she loved, made even at home to feel herself in the way of her younger sisters, but having by no means abandoned her hopes of matrimony, the old girl, according to her temperament, behaved herself in various ways, the special male she happened to have in view chiefly determining her line of conduct. She might profess a sudden affection for classical music, and discourse learnedly on Bach's fugues and Beethoven's sonatas, if the hero of the moment happened to wish for any one to accompany his violin; she took violently to serious literature, and was accused by her sisters of wishing to study at the British Museum, if any available and apparently impressionable scholar came in her way; a promising poet sent her into ecstatic admiration (accompanied by entire want of comprehension) of the sublime mysteries of Mr. Browning; or an entomologist, if seemingly hopeful, induced her to admire, nay, even to touch, insects and creeping things innumerable, from which, without so powerful an inducement, she would have fled shrieking in disgust. Often, too, though loathing the country from the depths of her soul as the *ne plus ultra* of dullness, and finding Hyde Park almost too rural for her tastes, she descanted on the charms of country life and her weariness of "London and all its heartlessness" to some confiding squire, who, if he gave ear to the voice of the charmer, and believed her asseverations, was seldom or never allowed again to dwell on his ancestral acres, but found himself, to his exceeding discomfiture, whirled from London to Paris, from Rome to Nice, in search of the excitement dear to his wife's heart. If all these resources failed her, the old girl commonly fell back upon the nearest curate; taking up either tracts, flannel petticoats, Dorcas meetings, and horrified reprobation of all innocent pleasures, or church decoration, huge crosses, fasting, and missal-illuminating, according as his views were evangelical or ritualistic. In short, tired of being no longer of importance at home, she was absolutely determined to marry—well, of course, if she could; but badly, if she could not.

A CORRESPONDENT believes that the subjoined anecdote of "Father Prout" and "The Bells of Shandon" has never before appeared in print:

At this writing there sojourns in New York an Irish gentleman who is in receipt of a letter dated at Trinity College, Dublin, which gives some interesting facts touching the school-days of the gifted satirist, poet, and journalist, the late Rev. J. O'Mahoney—better known by his *nom de plume* of "Father Prout."

One of the interesting facts now brought to light is that the sweet and sonorous stanzas of "The Bells of Shandon," which many literary people believe to have been written either in Paris or London, when Prout was a special contributor to the *Globe*, were composed during his college-days in Rome.

In the second *camarata* or division of the Irish College in Rome, "Father Prout" first became conspicuous among his fellow-students by inditing funny Latin, Greek, and Italian epigrams on the rector, the present venerable Monsignor Kirby. The rector could not succeed in fastening the authorship on young O'Mahoney; but the incipient rebel was always justly suspected of the many daring squibs which used to appear at safe intervals in a manuscript journal named *La Frusta*, or, in English, *The Whip*. To the more scrupulous of the students the whole *modus operandi* of the manuscript journal was kept a secret; to only a few were its real sources known, because there were mercenary spies around

in the persons of the very servants. Two of them spoke English, and every scrap of paper found by those fellows in the sweepings of the corridors was ingeniously patched together and submitted to the rector. In this way many a paragraph or leaf of *La Frusta* reached his desk. It may be here remarked that Monsignor Kirby, the rector of the Irish College, is the same ecclesiastic whom "Father Prout" satirizes in his "Apology for Lent."

In Prout's former room in the second *camarata* of the Irish College there has been for many years a vacant patch in a corner of the apartment where the poet's bedstead was placed. The room has been papered many a time since he wore the *soutane* of the Collegio Irlandese; but, notwithstanding his alleged erring in after-life, and the unpleasant relations which had existed between him and the superiors, this little vacant patch has never been covered up, for it contains the first draught of three stanzas of "The Bells of Shandon," originally written with a lead-pencil, but afterward retraced in ink by some fostering hand. The lines preserved in the little patch on the wall are:

"With deep affection
And recollection
I often think on
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would
In days of childhood
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
"In thought they're pealing,
Their echoes stealing
Through every feeling
From Shandon far."

The last stanza has no place in the poem, or song, as it is published. The other two stanzas have been retained by the poet in almost if not the same form as they now appear. The lines on the wall were probably written during the usual *siesta* hour of a summer afternoon while the college slept and Prout lay lounging on his bed in a wakeful dream of his native Shandon.

THE *Daily News* of London comments upon the recent proposition to substitute the Latin character for the German.

There seems reason to hope that a reform of great practical importance is shortly to be attempted in Germany. The *Cologne Gazette* has thrown its influence on the side of a liberal movement which may be compared to the opening up of Japan to foreigners. The Germans intend to do nothing less than adopt the ordinary Latin character in printing, and, let us hope, the ordinary style of civilized Europe in their handwriting. It is scarcely necessary to say that civilized Europe ought to be greatly obliged to Germany, and especially to the friends of this reform in the alphabet. We need not go so far as to hold, with an enthusiastic lover of the Teuton, that if ever a good new book appears it is pretty sure to be in German. Nor need we attribute the fact that German newspapers are comparatively little read to the isolated "self-culture" of Germany, the lonely, unattainable perfection of German wisdom. Still, while French, Italian, and English presses do send out books as good as those that come from Leipzig, and Hanover, and Berlin, no one can afford to do without the German volumes. Now, the German character makes the temptation to set aside the German learning a very strong temptation indeed. And even if it were easier for the stranger to discern where inspiration and wit leave off in a German journal, and where conjecture and pedantry begin, the German type on the German paper would make the German journal a trifle hard to decipher.

The printed characters are notoriously crabbed, intricate, prickly-looking, and forbidding. Each has a family resemblance to some other, and many are so studded with little spikes as to be positively painful to the eye. The small German "k," for instance, is so jagged as to be like some war-mace from the South Sea Islands; the small "s" and "f" cost the student of German many a painful journey through his lexicon; and the capital "B's" and "V's" lead to sad cases of mistaken identity. Of course, with constant practice, the foreigner learns his way in the alphabet, at the cost of much waste of time, of eyesight, and perhaps of temper. He is not comforted by what seems to be the result of the German character in the natives. Nowhere are there so many spectacled men as in Germany, and, as this general weakness of vision cannot be attributed to the physical degeneracy of the race by the most prejudiced stranger, it is usually set down to the baneful German alphabet. It is possible, of course, that the Germans are not really more short-sighted than the French or English, and that, with a manly absence of vanity, they wear spectacles to enable them to see much farther than their neighbors, not to bring their powers of vision merely up to the ordinary mark. But, on the whole, the most obvious inference is that the Teuton really has bad eyesight, and the most obvious cause of the failing is the difficult pointed alphabet.

THE two pretty "Rondeaus" below are from a recent number of the *Spectator*:

Violet delicate, sweet,
Down in the deep of the wood,
Hid in thy still retreat,
Far from the sound of the street,
Man and his merciless mood:

Safe from the storm and heat,
Breathing of beauty and good
Fragrantly, under thy hood,
Violet.

Beautiful maid, discreet,
Where is the mate that is meet,
Meet for thee—strive as he could—
Yet will I kneel at thy feet,
Fearing another one should,
VIOLET!

W. C. MONKHOUSE.

Rose, in the hedge-row grown,
Where the scent of the fresh sweet hay
Comes up from the fields new-mown,
You know it—you know it—alone,
So I gather you here to-day!

For here—was it not here, say?
That she came by the woodland way,
And my heart with a hope unknown
Rose?

Ah, yes! with her bright hair blown,
And her eyes like the skies of May,
And her steps like the rose-leaves strown
When the winds in the rose-trees play—
It was here—O my love, my own
ROSE!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE *Saturday Review*, as an instance of the "progress of puffery" quotes quite freely from the advertisement of certain tea-dealers:

One of the most brilliant examples of recent advertising literature is supplied by a firm of grocers who not only take the public fully into their confidence as to the real qualities of their teas, but also pathetically appeal to its sym-

thy for themselves as self-sacrificing philanthropists. These high-minded purveyors take their stand upon their extreme and disinterested frankness in dealing with their customers. They have no secrets from the world, and are prepared to avow the defects as well as the perfections of their wares. Some of their teas are "the finest the world produces," and all their teas, are of course, in their way, the very best that can be procured. Still they are too scrupulous to pretend that every description of tea in their stock will satisfy everybody. For instance, there is the Kyshow Congou, "a brisk, rich, Pekoe-flavored tea, perfect in strength and quality, beautifully manipulated, full of flavor, and possessing a pungent, nutty flavor, which is exceedingly grateful to the palate." This is, indeed, "a prince among teas." Or there is for more delicate palates the Moning sort, "soft, silky, exquisitely delicate in flavor, and drinks full and round." These intelligent tradesmen, however, while happy to place "the finest tea in the world" at the disposal of those who can appreciate it, are also aware that there are people who are content with tea which falls something short of this ineffable perfection, and for these they cater, too. The Assam Congou is "very strong and drinks full in the mouth," but the firm feels bound to acknowledge that it is "a little coarse," and, being "rather peculiar, is not appreciated by all." Indeed, it insists upon warning any intending purchaser that "it requires an acquired taste." Then again, though there can be no harm in mentioning that the scented Pekoe has "peculiar piquancy and sharpness of flavor," honesty requires that it should also be stated that it is, after all, a "fancy tea," and "more frequently used as a curiosity and experiment than by the tea-drinking public." Another scented tea is, it seems, "less grateful to the palate than to the other senses;" and there is also a further variety which is "rather plebeian," though no doubt it will be readily understood that the most plebeian tea sold by this establishment is infinitely superior to that of any other shop. It would be invidious not to accept the candid admission of defects in some teas as a conclusive proof of the rigid impartiality of the venders in describing those other teas which are "the finest in the world." But this is not the only ground on which they appeal for support. It appears that the testing of tea "is no light work, but, on the contrary, a matter of continual application, month by month, week by week, and day by day;" and that it also involves "a great strain on the physical powers." "Indeed," they add, "it is not too much to say that an equal amount of study is required to select a supply of tea of uniform quality for a large trade as is needed to

paint a picture or to write a book;" and we can well believe that the concoction of eloquent advertisements is even more wearing.

In reply to Admiral Jenkins's letter in our last, in regard to Page's painting of Farragut, we have the subjoined from the artist himself:

To the Editor of *Appletons' Journal*.

SIR: In reply to the letter of Rear-Admiral Jenkins, published in the number of the *JOURNAL* just issued, let me say that your art-critic understood and reported me correctly, and that I also understood the statement of Admiral Farragut as to having lashed himself to the rigging of the Hartford during the action in Mobile Bay. I cannot understand what Admiral Jenkins means in saying that the statement does injustice to Farragut, nor do I believe that "Farragut never thought of himself, nor of his personal danger or safety, while in battle." He was a brave man—one of the bravest, probably, that ever lived—but he was also calm, thoughtful, and considerate.

When he came to me to sit for his portrait, and found that I had decided to represent him as lashed to the rigging, he took pains at my request to explain to me very carefully all the circumstances of the case, and to show me exactly the attitude in which he stood. He told me that the thought had occurred to him that, if he were killed or stunned by the enemy's fire, he would probably fall into the sea, and his body would thus be lost to his family. He therefore picked up a piece of small rope, or "yarn," as he called it, which he saw on deck just before he ascended the rigging, and put it in his pocket. When he got to his post he took out the "yarn," passed it loosely around his body, and tied it to the shrouds. It was no precaution against danger, nor was it prompted by any thought of fear, but was simply intended, as I have said, to preserve his body for his family in case he should fall from his dangerous position.

I cannot be mistaken in this matter, for Farragut explained it to me very fully and distinctly; not merely by words, but by action, showing me with a rope how he tied himself and how he made the knot. For more than a year I kept in my studio the rope and the knot as he tied it.

With all deference to Admiral Jenkins, and to the memory of his friend, Captain Drayton, I must accept as true what Admiral Farragut told me. It is only another illustration of the proverbial difficulty of ascertaining the facts of history.

WILLIAM PAGE.

Notices.

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